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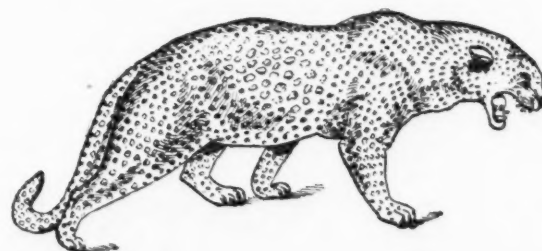
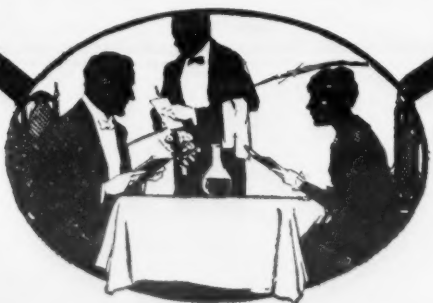
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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 47

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

For Our "Boys"

SO many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

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Thanksgiving

By William Marion Reedy

THIS year's Thanksgiving day is a world feast rather than a national festival. For the people of the earth have emerged, let us hope forever, from the dark shadow of dominant militarism. Four years of slaughter have come to an end. They were a horror, but they had their glories, too, of devotion to ideals and of willing sacrifice for the unborn generations. The mail-panoplied state is brought low, its sublime pretensions made ridiculous in the flight of him who incarnated it and the retreat of its armies and the surrender of its fleet. After the long agony comes the relief of such a peace as makes us feel "an arrow is in the heart of Death, a God is at the doors of Fate."

We the people of the United States give thanks that we not only turned the tide of war against the violators of public faith and law, but gave to the victory its moral significance. The war we won was a king-made war. The peace we won is a peoples' peace. And the only rule on earth shall be people's rule. We have saved Europe by our efforts and we have saved mankind by our example in foregoing all spoil.

Remains now for us to make our democracy the more worthy of the emulation of the nations for whom we have set it on high, not as a material thing but as a way to soul's salvation for man alive.

Best we can give thanks in that prayer which is service of others—even our late enemies. Let us help to rebuild the world, not alone the great world of the maps, but the little world that is each man's self, so that hate in our hearts shall have no place but only love. For though to us is victory given we must not forget that we are sinners too against the light.

Nor must we forget that there are other tyrannies yet to be destroyed, which, like the Teuton one, claim partnership with God. For their destruction let us gird up our loins and go to battle with the conviction of persuasion and with ballots for our weapons until the last privilege is abated in this and other lands, and men shall live in rights secure and duty seemly done.

So, in giving thanks be mindful that it is man's part to give more. Give yourself to your race, to your country, to your brother man. Those dead who gave themselves have shown us the way to build the future—by sacrifice. There is nothing else worth while in the light which soon we must all leave or in the darkness whither we go.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The President Should Go

WHY all the fuss about the President's attending the Peace Conference? It is urged that he can effectively participate from Washington; then he can as effectively administer here from over there. Each place is but ten minutes by cable from the other. The Allied premiers want him to attend. And surely he will be the influence most potent in saving our late enemies from the vengeance which all the allies repudiate. Then there is to be considered the importance of "the gesture." The President has given the war its definition of purpose. The army and navy of the President's country gave effect to his formulation of moral

suasions. That he should be present at the peace deliberations is therefore a concession to the natural desire for a touch of the picturesque in the setting of the scene that shall close the great drama. He should go. This government and people are not likely to run wild because he is absent. Nor is he likely to lose his poise. The temporary new environment will not make him more amenable to influences outside himself than he is at home. And the occasion may afford him opportunities for furthering his ideas and ideals not to be found here. It seems to me that his going to the conference is somewhat the same necessary thing as was his insistence upon unification of the allied military and naval authority. The only thing urged against his leaving the country is that it is without exact precedent, but so is the situation. Who is there could more feelingly represent the country than the man who has led it and the whole world to a position which alone gives justification and meaning to the mighty upheaval of the past four years? It is right that the President should go, and that he should stay until the work which he can do has been thoroughly done.

♦♦

Pardon Political Offenders

"THE war is not won until the last of our boys is safely home." So says a poster-streamer for the United War Work campaign for funds. To that everyone will yield assent. But—

The war is not won for democracy until the last of the persons convicted for expression of opinion in contravention of war regulations has been set free.

There can be no freedom without freedom of thought and speech. The censorship is undemocratic. That has gone or is going. Whatever justification there was for the espionage acts they were applied in a manner antagonistic to American principle. Against spies and plotters of treason these acts were necessary, but not against American citizens who opposed the war or all war, or called it a capitalist war, or abused the President or opposed the conscription, with argument. Free discussion is the essence of free government, a fundamental law thereof. War may have silenced that law, but the war is over. Let opinion have voice.

The very people whose idealistic opposition to war has been so severely punished are the people whose opinion and influence, such as they have, is of the utmost need now, when the world's desire is that the peace to be framed shall preclude the possibility of more war. They are the people whose views of national and international reconstruction are most in accord with the higher national purpose. Their views should not be suppressed, nor their persons confined in prisons. Free those individuals who dissented from the majority as to means but are at one with the nation as to the ends of the war. Not they but the fire-eating, eye-for-an-eye jingoes are the nation's danger now. They are natural supporters of the country's purpose in the direction of political, economic social justice, as between nations and individuals.

Before the President starts abroad for the peace conference he could perform no more gracious and graceful act than the issuance of a proclamation of general amnesty to political offenders. It would be good politics, wise statesmanship as well, for it would unite the liberal element of the people against those who want to make profit out of the war. To keep confined persons like Eugene Debs, Rose Pastor Stokes, Kate Richards O'Hare, Roger Nash Baldwin and others at this time is to blaspheme the de-

mocracy for which we have fought. To continue the suppression of opinion running counter to that of the majority is to make a mockery of our own noblest professions. To keep persons in prison for what they spoke or wrote against the war is an abomination, when we consider what men like Col. Roosevelt and Col. George Harvey, among others, have said in criticism of the conduct of the war. No one called for the imprisonment of those gentlemen. The law was applied only to people who were in fact at one with the administration's general purposes, or to mere foolish-talking folk of Germanic birth and tradition.

The time has come for a general amnesty. Let us have peace among the people at home. No more prosecution for opinion's sake. No more prosecution of idealists for differing with the idealism of our war-leadership. Let us show the world that democracy is not a ruthless tyranny of the majority.



Solf's Sympathy Offensive

WILLIE Solf, as they used to call him when he was out in the Far East, is throwing kisses in the dark to a girl who is not there. The pro-German sympathy he is playing for in his appeals against the terms of the armistice is non-existent in this country. It is not here because those who have a real sympathy for the German people, as distinct from their war-mad rulers, are convinced that the administration of the provisions of the armistice is to be conducted in accord with principles of humanity that were thrown overboard in German dealings with Belgium and Serbia and Russia, to say nothing of the submarine warfare. This country has given its word that the German people will be fed. So have the allies. Those words are good, as Germany's has not been. Moreover, it is no part of our duty to act so as to suppress what Willie Solf, an indurated bureaucrat, is pleased to call Bolshevism in Germany. We are not called upon to put down the German people who are reconstructing their state in accordance with democratic ideas. In so far as hunger may precipitate red Bolshevism we shall abate the hunger. We have taken nothing from Germany in the way of industrial equipment or commercial facility that is necessary to the carrying on of her internal trade. We have only hobbled her so that she cannot again start the war. "Willie" Solf makes a serious mistake when he tries to make Americans believe that the armistice terms are the peace terms. They are not. The armistice is a military arrangement designed by the victors to keep their military superiority pending the peace negotiations. Those armistice terms are not designed to permit Germany in any way to assume the aggressive again. They are not, as armistice terms go, severe. But the final consideration that rules in regard to Solf's appeal is that this country and its associates in the war are not going to use their power or advantage in the repression of democratic movements among the German people. We cannot go in there as the allies did after the French revolution to restore a worthless, ruthless and, as the event has shown, a cowardly monarch. We are not going to raise up a republican Germany against ourselves. The former Germans in the United States are not to be emotionally moved by Willie Solf and his faked sympathy-offensive, because they know that this country will not let the Germans starve.



Post-War Wages and Hours

SUCH a shudder as went through some people when they read that Mr. Gompers had declared that organized labor would resist to the utmost any diminution in the scale of wages or of hours now that the war is over! It is funny—this shudder. The shudders think Mr. Gompers means there's to be no come down in the pay of men in the steel mills or other war-work places who have been making \$280 or \$300 per week. Those wages will come down with slacking of orders and with restoration of the supply of men. All wages will have to conform to the law of supply and demand in the

long run, but wages won't go back to the old basis of the mere margin of subsistence. The government is fairly well committed to the principle of the eight-hour day. Nothing is more conclusively proved than that shortening the hours betters the quality while keeping up the quality of the output. There will be a great demand for labor in activities that were stopped by the war, as there will be a removal upon restriction upon investments in building and machinery. The supplies of stocks of many necessary commodities are very low and the demand therefor will have to be met by labor. In general war wages will have to come down from their highest levels, but the men of the demobilized army will be eased into industry. It is probable that the government will do a great deal to take up this labor by encouraging irrigation and road-making and other enterprises. The railroads will be in need of vast rehabilitation of equipment. There should be no let up in mining. There will be a loud call for men on the farms, for we shall have to produce enough to help feed the world, including Germany. Therefore the general conditions would seem to indicate that organized labor will be aided by natural law in withstanding any movement for reduction of wages and increase of hours. At least this will be the case until we begin acutely to feel the results of the great inflation of the currency which has gone on concurrently with the war. But broadly speaking wages, except those in case of the highly specialized workers in essential war industries, are not going to be slashed. The wages will not come down until the cost of living comes down. The interests that want to cut wages will have to cut the cost of living first, and even then those interests will have to divest their minds of the ancient theory, voiced in the senate by Mr. Reed of Missouri, the other day, that labor is a commodity. The labor is the man. Man is not a commodity. The human soul is not a commodity. Life is not on a par with mere material product. We shall consider this in the matter of wage readjustment. The government will give it expression in its fixing of the wages of those who work for it, and such wages will tend to fix the standard fairly high. Our reconstruction programme, if we have one, will take cognizance of the necessity of so dealing with the wage question. The eight-hour day will probably be the rule, with the pay at the old ten hour day rate. Organized labor will not be strong enough, with the workers returned from the army, to put over anything manifestly unjust upon the country at large. The unions represent no such percentage of the workers as is included in the trades unions of Great Britain, but Great Britain is going back to the old pre-war basis of trades unionism, with full recognition of community bargaining, shop control to a certain extent by the workers, and all that. Our trades unions, less powerful, who have conceded less to the government in war than their British brethren, will do well to be reasonable in their post-war demands. The present administration has done much for organized labor, even if organized labor has done much for the war. The administration will do more for organized labor when the programme of reconstruction shall have been set in motion. There is no occasion yet for any outbreak of vocal Bolshevism.



A True League of Nations

THOSE persons who conceive of the proposed League of Nations as nothing but a league to enforce peace are all in the wrong. Such a league might not only not enforce peace but promote war. The league when it comes into existence must be one for the co-operation of nations in various modified forms of that co-operation which was effective between them during the war. Such co-operation has amounted to a pooling of resources and this will have to be continued for some time after the war. Its benefits should be apparent after a little while. The co-operation should be more a matter of business than of diplomacy, which has always

been an aristocratic game. The new diplomacy under a league of nations would be a matter of exchange of resources and services between nations. There is no reason why great nations should not get along together even as great business enterprises do. There are things some nations have and others do not. Exchange could be effected without appeal to arms. So far as trade-wars are concerned they could easily be done away with if business men, or diplomatists with a business conception of affairs, were permitted to make adjustment of conflicting interests. A league of nations can be based upon and steadily strengthened by co-operation in interests which the nations have in common, rather than by dwelling upon those interests which conflict. It is not improbable that there are more of the former than of the latter, since human beings are much alike in all nations. It is likely indeed that with all the great nations increasingly democratized the number of interests common to all the nations will be increased. For one thing, if opportunity be enlarged for the individual man at home, there will be less excuse for a propaganda of the necessity of national expansion. A League of Nations must surely be more than a group concerned only in the maintenance of an international police force. There will be the less need for such a police force if nations league together on a basis of equal rights as between one another. Insistence upon the forceful preservation of peace harms the league of nations idea. The league should be formed for co-operation on the greatest possible number of things upon which the member nations can find common ground of interest. Their chief common ground of interest is the profit of commercial intercourse. Facilities therefor are more desirable than obstructions. To this extent there can hardly be a league of nations except upon the basis of freer trade. And as governments become more representative of the peoples thereof, the tendency will be away from restrictions upon trade. Thus far the league of nations has been considered too exclusively from the standpoint of politics or military relations. It must be considered more from the economic and social points of view. The league must be directed to world-service, rather than to world-regulation in the military sense. It must take in not only the big nations but the little ones too, and those little nations must have a voice in all matters sufficient to prevent their being overslaughed by the greater ones. The war has pulled the world together. It will be easier henceforth for nations to get along with each other. None can get along without the others, and world domination by one or two powers has been shown to be impossible. We need a league of nations not just to promote peace by threat of coercion, but to do so by working together for the concerns of all which are the concern of each. And it is this phase of the league of nations idea, I imagine, that President Wilson will bring to the fore in the discussions at the forthcoming peace conference.



When the President Goes to Ireland

POSSIBLY two well-thought-out speeches by Woodrow Wilson—one let us say at Belfast and another at Dublin or Cork—could help materially to a clearing up of the muddle in Ireland. It is a ticklish subject I admit, but the President is far from being tactless. He represents more Irishmen in this country than there are in Ireland, and speaking for them, his words would possibly have great weight in forwarding an accommodation between the North and South of Ireland. Speaking for a union of sovereign states that have been able to adjust their divergent interests to the common concern of the whole country, he might be able to show the Irish that they too could get along under an autonomous government within a British confederation of dominions. The Sinn Feiners are insisting that Ireland's case be taken up in the peace conference under that one of the fourteen points which refers

to the self-determination of the allegiance of peoples. I doubt if Great Britain will assent to this, but it is certain that Great Britain is in a mood to discuss the question of home rule for Ireland if the Irish can agree upon it. The President might say something that would put the Irish in the way of agreeing, especially as the absolute independence of Ireland is out of the question, with Ulster standing as she does for participation in the empire. There's a chance that the President may be able to do something for Ireland. He has the prestige and his idea has the mind of the world in thrall. Maybe he can bring Ireland into the great peace pact with a few well-chosen, mellifluous words. The experiment, all delicate as it is, is surely worth trying if the President goes to Ireland, and no President would dare to go to Europe without going to Ireland.

♦♦

Are We Wronging Russia?

WHAT about Russia? The censorship has cut us off from the news there. This is bad, because now more than ever we would like to be sure that we are not engaged in crushing a democracy struggling to nationhood. I have said that the Sisson documents seemed to me to convict the Bolsheviks of acting as the tool of the German high command, but latterly I have come to doubt that this is sweepingly so. Our intervention to set up a new Russian front against the then apparently crescent power of Germany was justified of course. The Russians opposed that intervention. That they did so for Germany may not be so clear when we hear in mind some things that are told us about the attitude of the Soviet government, though those things are not told us officially.

It is said that Lenin and Thotzky, a week or more previous to the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, handed to Raymond Robins, at that time a representative in Russia of the American Red Cross, a communication to President Wilson declaring their opposition to the treaty, stating that they would refuse to sign it if the United States would assure them of its moral support in breaking off the negotiations and would send to Russia food and arms. It is said that at least two copies of the communication were at once cabled to Washington, one of them to the department of state, through diplomatic officials of the United States in Russia, that the communication was duly received by the department of state and came under the eye of Secretary Lansing, but was not laid before Mr. Wilson at the time, and that Mr. Wilson was ignorant of its existence until after his decision to intervene in Russia had been reached and announced. It is said that Mr. Robins, after having secured the sending of this communication, spent several weeks in Washington upon his return vainly trying to secure an audience with Mr. Wilson; and that in the meantime he was given to understand by the American Red Cross and the department of state that he was not to make any public statement on the subject. We know that Russia is still represented at Washington by Mr. Bakhmeteff of the Czarist regime. It is said that this Czarist representative of Russia carries on in this country a propaganda against the Soviet government on the strength of United States loans and credits to Russia. It is said that the railway material purchased for the Russian government by Prof. Lomonosoff was sold and the proceeds applied to various non-Russian purposes by Ambassador Bakhmeteff.

These and other allegations from persons who seem to know something about Russian affairs would indicate that this country is playing the game of the Czarists and other reactionaries to wreck the Soviet government, which is much more of a government, and much less of a bloodthirsty anarchy than we have been permitted to know. If this country laid down on the Soviet government when it called for help and then turned upon that government for doing what it could not avoid, it is not to our credit. No important element in this

country will approve our desertion of that democracy.

The President declared the Bolsheviks outlaws. What if we forced them out of touch with us and then gulped wholesale the stories of their cruelty and treachery spread by their enemies of the Czarist faction? We have been hearing nothing from Russia but Bolshevik horrors, which are largely if not wholly denied. We have been told of massacres being planned, but how many people know that the Soviet declared amnesty to all arrested hostages and persons alleged to be involved in anti-Soviet plots, except those held hostages for Bolsheviks held in enemy hands? We have heard that the Bolsheviks were doing Germany's work in Russia but now we see that they were spreading Bolshevism in Germany, and we know that the Bolshevik ambassador was driven out of Berlin. These things make one doubt the rightness of our attitude towards the Bolsheviks, doubt, too, the authenticity of those Sisson documents.

That these statements concerning the Bolsheviks are made by men like John Reed, Max Eastman, and taken up for query by Oswald Garrison Villard should not cause us to ignore them. These men say and believe that the Soviet government has never been pro-German. Mr. Robins has said nothing. He was put on the stand in a trial of some Russian anarchists in New York but was not permitted to answer questions based upon these assertions. Now that Germany has fallen, if these facts be true facts, Bolshevism must be stronger than ever in Russia, and this country is in the position of fighting the Bolshevik government, not Germany. Are the Allied troops in Russia to put down the Soviet government? If so, and if all the facts are as stated, how can a democratic country like the United States make war on a democratic Russia that is not and has not been the tool of Germany? If Russia asked us for bread and we replied by making war on her in behalf of the reactionary land-owning element, how absurd is our position as a nation fighting for democracy?

Why do the armistice terms provide that German troops must remain in Russia until ordered out by the allies? They are not to fight Germans. They are to aid us in overthrowing the Soviets. Does this country want to smash the Soviet government, with German aid or without it? Are we taking the side of the landed tyrants against the people who have rightfully dispossessed them? If so we are "a hell of a democracy," as John Reed says. Abolish the censorship on Russian news. This country must not be betrayed into warring on the Russian people and their duly chosen government, under the direction of Czarist agents and for the comfort of those governments in Europe that fear and hate Bolshevism, as democracy, as much as they feared and hated Germany. Let us hear what Mr. Raymond Robins has to say. He is a credible person. On the face of the Bolshevik case for themselves we are fighting the Soviet republic. We didn't go into this war to kill republics. Let us have the facts.

♦♦♦♦

Songs of The Unknown Lover

By Witter Bynner

(Copyright by William Marlon Reedy, 1918.)

FIRE.

IS it your fault
That winds from heaven sweep through me and
I call it you?
Is it your fault
That the chin and throat of you are the curve
Of a mountain-brook where I would drink,
That your whole body is a heap of stinging sweetness
From the pines,
That when you sleep your silence is an arch of the
moon, your motion thunder of the moon,
And when you wake your eyes are the long path
of ocean to a new hope,
To a nest of phoenixes

Whose golden wings
Are tipped with flame?
Is it your fault
That phoenixes arise from fire—
And dragons?

♦♦

KILAUEA.

Forget you?—
Can that Hawaiian volcano
Forget its quick fountains and cascades
Of fire?

♦♦

THE SLAVE.

In the interval you answered
Like a gentle fire:
"But these hands"
(They were stretched toward me)
"Are for the hands of another,
These lips"
(They were curved and strange)
"Are for the lips of another,
And there is someone for whom these eyes
Can gleam
As they never can for you."
So answering me,
You let your bright thigh touch me
And my throat rest across yours
And your breast heave with mine,
While your face crouched afar from me like an
escaping slave
And your hands fell fainting . . .
And into me, even now as I hold you,
Roll all the waste spaces of the world,
Desert after desert.

♦♦

RUINS.

O, to be back in heaven,
Beyond hope,
Beyond the mountain-circled and forgotten dead,
Beyond the curling wave of buried stone!
Can I who have seen heaven decaying
Become enzealed for the earth,
Whose ruins can not be
So vast and beautiful
As the ruins of heaven!
(To be continued)

♦♦♦♦

A Pilgrim Idyl

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

GOOD-MORROW to you, Governor, and to you, Captain Standish, and Master Allerton! Glad indeed am I to hail you passing my door, for I have a matter which I fain would hear your minds upon. . . . Nay, this chair hath a shade more comfort in it, Governor,—I pray you, take it!

Art seated, all? Well, then, I'll start my tale; but mark you, sirs, a common man and soldier hath no fair words, and knoweth not the trick of pretty speech, so bear with me if aught I have to say be straight and sudden as a snapshance shot.

Gentlemen, I choose this time for speaking privily, because the goodwife hath gone pleasuring to Dame Alden's. 'Tis scant two months since we were wed. Small mind had I to marry, being somewhat on in years and but a rude, rough fellow at the best, but sith you urged it on me, Governor, saying it were wise and right for all to wed, and so provide a home for all the maids left homeless, I looked about me. As you well know, the Goodman Willis and his wife both died before we'd been ashore a fortnight, leaving the little maid Elizabeth alone. It seemed none needed home and shelter more than she, and in sad seriousness,—haply you'll smile to hear it, sirs, but I—I lost my heart to her! Ay, crusty old Giles Vincent, lovesick as a stripling of nineteen . . . and yet, you'll grant she hath a face as fair as flowers we left behind in England. . . . Nay, Captain, fidget not! I know our doughty leader likes not to hear men prate of love in times of war! I'll hie me quickly to my tale!

When, 'boldened by your counsel and mine own

new fancy, I spoke to her, she wept, poor little lass, and said that she was o'er young to wed, but our good Elder talked with her and urged her gently, and the maid at last consented. 'Twas but a hasty wooing and a sombre wedding, and Beth, who on the voyage was merry as a kitten, made a wistful bride. Yet I, great dullard, told myself 'twas but the shadow of her recent loss. And now, methinks there could not be a gentler or more winsome wife, ready to serve, bearing with my rough moods with meekest courtesy, yet never hath she laughed . . . and seldom smiled . . .

Well, sirs, a week ago, the eve before the ship *Delight* weighed anchor, you'll e'en recall I went with Hopkins, Peter Browne and several more into the forest to cleave wood. It was agreed that we remain three days, but on the second 'twas so fiercely hot that I was somewhat overborne, having a foolish weakness of the heart, or so good Dr. Fuller saith, and it was deemed more wise that I return, than stay to overtax my strength, and add another to the burdens of our colony.

So, then, at eventide I started back, yet came but slowly, and the moon was high before I reached the street. I wished Elizabeth to bide at Alden's till I came, but she was fain to tarry here alone. So, softly down the street I came, fearing to wake the goodfolk slumbering in the houses, and as I neared my little dwelling mine eyes saw her I'd fancied fast asleep, there in the window.

She saw me not. I halted in the shadow that mine heart might feast its fill, for she was passing fair, yet lily-pale, and sad as some young angel made to tarry here against her will, and faith, good sirs, if she *had* spread white wings and flown away, beshrew me if it would have much surprised me!—Your pardon, sirs! It is not meet to take your time for foolish prattle and unseemly!

Before I turned to enter, someone passed me, walking slowly with bent head, who started when he saw the maid. The moonlight fell upon him where he stood, lighting his face. 'Twas young John Arsdale.

Eh?—Nay, then, Captain Standish, I did not run him through, tho' I was mightily minded to, I do confess, and yet 'twas plain to see his frank surprise and hers as well. 'Twas a chance meeting, not a stealthy plan. I bided where I was till he should pass. But there he stood like stone beneath her window, gazing as at some saint in plastered niche.

"Elizabeth!" quoth he,—just that, "Elizabeth," and yet methinks there was a page in that one word. The lass, with one small cry, hid her white face behind her hands, as if to blot out all the world, and him. And then, so low I scarce could hear it where I stood, saith she,—

"Why have you come? Nay, thou must go, and quickly, lad! 'Tis passing cruel, thus to tempt me, Jack."

"Nay, then, dear heart," John answered her, "how could I know thou wert awake and here? I did but leave the house because I could not sleep. Oh, Elizabeth, 'tis woeful hard, yet at your bidding I have begged the Governor to send me on his business over seas. I'm sailing in yon ship, to-morrow eve."

"Art . . . ever . . . coming back?" saith she.

"Aye, in a year, or something less, if such be mine ill fortune that I live!" Then suddenly, as in our erstwhile biding place we've seen the sea, held prisoner so long, burst over all its bonds, and leaping over dikes, lay waste the land, so he, with outstretched arms, cried out,—*"Dear Beth, I must—will speak!"*

But she, poor, frightened little maid, stayed the fierce torrent of his words with one appealing look, and leaning on the window sill, all in the ghostly brightness of the moon, she softly saith—

"Dear lad, I know the words you fain would speak, but say them not! I pray you, say them not! Haply I had been glad and proud to listen to them, had my life been ordered in another way, but now,—

they'd shame us both! God help me, it is hard to hold to this; yet, dear my friend, it is the only way! To-morrow when you come to say Good-bye to Giles and me, oh, is it not a thing for pride, that you may clasp his hand in honest faith? Say, then, sith we have borne ourselves in honor until now, wouldst make me listen, at the last, to words I may not hear?—Nay, for it shames thine own brave heart! Go, now, for it is overlate, and Jack, dear Jack, God hath not set our feet in happy ways, and yet, He leadeth us! My life is not so sweet I greatly care to live, yet live I will, and do my part unfailingly, in all ways serving him who hath been gentler than a father to me. Lad of my heart, farewell! This for thy comfort; stormy sea or distant land, I'm with thee still . . . tho' men may deem me here, in Plymouth town . . . My body hides . . . my heart, my soul, they sail to-morrow eve."

Then, sirs, without a word, he walked away, and she sank down, all in a little sobbing heap upon the floor, and I went back and bode the night among the trees, which mattered not, for truth, I was not greatly prone to sleep!—Nay, then, worshipful Master Allerton, when in the morning I returned, I did not call the Elder out to deal with her, nor e'en said word to her of what I'd heard. Before the sailing time, John Arsdale came. I wished him God-speed with all heartiness, saying that I should miss him sorely, as a trusted friend, and from the corner of mine eye I saw the maid flash him one look of triumph and of pride.

"Haply you'll come back wedded," I made clumsy wit, wishing to make them feel secure of me.

"Haply," he saith, and fetched a burdened breath.

"But, be that as it may, dear lad," I cried, as he passed through the door, "take my good wishes and my blessing with you!"

"And mine, too," quoth Elizabeth, curt'sing low, to hide the tears I knew were shining in her eyes.

There, sirs, you have it. Haply I did wrong to treat it so, and yet, methinks when I shall lie on yon gray hill, my rest will not be the less sweet for it. But, as I said, I'm but a rough and ready soldier, and unskilled in logic.

Eh?—Thank you for your good words, Governor, and for your hand clasp, Captain, tho' beshrew me, but you have a grip like death itself!—What,—e'en godly Master Allerton saith I have done well? I thank you all, good sirs, and mayhap, sith you're minded so, you'll kindly set your names to this.

'Tis but a clumsy wording, but 'twill hold, if so be you will lend your aid to it. These be wild times of ours, and troublous, and sith our Captain ever will have us harry yon savage, and sith their arrows sometimes find a resting place beneath the stoutest jerkin, also because this silly weakness of the heart doth pain me shrewdly oftentimes, I deem it well to have my small affairs in tidy shape. I fain would save the maid what care I may.

Canst make it out? E'en so, I best had read it, for it taxes me myself to make out mine own scrawling.

"I, Giles Vincent, colonist and erstwhile soldier, do state my wish, in case of sudden death, that this my dwelling and mine household gear, and all such property as I possess, shall fall unto my true and faithful wife, Elizabeth, born Willis, but an she wed not in a year from then, all shall be forfeited unto the common fund. Also, I do commend her to the kindly care of our good Council, and the steadfast loyalty of him who hath at all times been my most true friend, John Arsdale."

—Wilt hold? Ay, say you so? Then, please to sign as witness here. Zounds! 'Tis a sorry pen at best, and well I wot my scratching hath not bettered it!

—Enter! Eh? What is't, boy?—Oh, Mistress Bradford sends word the Governor's noonmeat hath been waiting this half hour! Your pardon, sirs, for so long keeping you!—And thank you kindly, all! Good-morrow to you, Governor, and you, Captain Standish, and you, worshipful Masterful Allerton!

You Whom the Gods Love

"Hon hoi theoi philousin, apothneskei neos."

MENANDER, FRAGMENTS.

By William Vincent Byars

GOLDEN lads who died young, Time is sad and hoary;

You are free from Time at last,—may your rest be sweet.

You, whom the gods love, caring not for glory,
Sleep through the June days, in peace, beneath the wheat.

Pleasant are the green fields; white clouds float above them;

Deep and true the blue skies,—dear lads, take your rest.

Other lads may stray near, with blushing maids who love them;

Hand in hand, they dream love's dream. But your sleep is best.

Dreams? Who knows what high dreams you might dream if waking,—

Newtons, Schillers, Shakespeares, new Galileos,
Born to give the world light in the Great Forsaking.

When, as its will is darkness still, its darkness blacker grows?

You, whom the gods love, our sore need might have made you

Poets, painters, thinkers,—great with power to save the rest;

But you died by myriads when earth's old crimes betrayed you;

So sleep your dreamless sleep in peace. For peace is surely best.

Golden lads who died young, safe from earth's disasters,

Merciful you must be now,—your blood in many lands,

Stains with its red stain the souls of all earth's masters;

Not all the waters of the sea can wash it from their hands.

Shall they escape then, when the earth is crying

Cain's curse upon them,—eye for eye and tooth for tooth?

Surely you forgive them now,—surely by your dying,

Mercy you have learned for them who gave you endless youth.

Earth cannot enthrall you now and sorely it will need you,

Through darkened ages yet to be, till lordliness shall cease;

But you have won your freedom,—they, who betrayed you, freed you;

Sleep now, beyond their power, free, in your blood-bought peace.

Death has redeemed you. Our crimes are still enthralling.

(Crimson are the poppies among the ripening corn.)

All the world is fair now. We hear the field-larks calling,

But would God that we had died for you, or ever you were born.

♦♦♦♦

Carl Sandburg's "Cornhuskers"

By John L. Hervey

NOWHERE are coincidences and conjunctions more surprising than in literature, and thereby from the printed page we often get more than the author imagines or intends. The fact is not a new one, but I have had it newly brought home to me by the reading, successively, of two books which I would never, save by chance, have so read. The

*CORNHUSKERS, by Carl Sandburg: Holt, New York.
A NEW STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY, by Henry Newbolt: Constable, London.

cross-lights which they have thrown upon each other have helped me the better to understand them both. Yet, superficially, one would imagine this to be nearly if not quite impossible when I say that one is Carl Sandburg's new volume of poems, "Cornhuskers," and the other Sir Henry Newbolt's "New Study of English Poetry."

An abyss, yawning and unplumbed, ordinarily would be thought to separate two such volumes. Sir Henry Newbolt, as Professor of Poetry, delivered the series of lectures which, in expanded form, make up his "Study," before the Royal Society of Literature, with a few exceptions heard by other distinguished and learned bodies. Carl Sandburg is the author of those "Chicago Poems" which, upon their publication two or three years ago, produced about the same effect in professorial circles that a hawk would in a hennery. That is to say, there were loud and startled squawks, much fluttering and skurrying about and, if no fatalities, a terrible commotion. It is difficult successfully to orientate Carl Sandburg and a Royal and ennobled Professor of Poetry together. Yet I have found, as sharply contrasting colours may yet prove "complementary," so, reading Sandburg's new poems and the Royal Professor's new study of poetry, as it were together, has enhanced my enjoyment and comprehension of both poet and professor.

The reason for this, I suppose, is that beside being a Royal Professor of Poetry, Sir Henry Newbolt is also a poet—a poet who has written some very good poetry, if none that has made a great stir in the great world. This gift or faculty of being himself a poet has endowed our Royal Professor with intuitions and insights which professors who lecture upon poetry seldom possess. And so it is that within his volume (which is quite a big one and requires several evenings profitably to get through) I have discovered ideas, sentiments and dicta which, surprising as it may appear, proclaim even a sort of kinship between him, despite his rank and titles, and the brusque flutterer of professorial precincts. At times, indeed, they can almost meet on common ground, amazing as that statement may appear.

If there is anything farther removed from "Paradise Lost" than "Chicago Poems" in the whole range of poetry written in our language, I cannot name it. Yet, in his lecture upon Milton, precisely, Sir Henry remarks: "It is certain that what makes a poet's life makes his poetry." And I know of nothing more apropos, more pregnant, truer, that could be said of Sandburg.

If there is any one thing which has made Sandburg's poetry, above all others it has been his life. Its years and days, its hours and moments, I find written large upon every page of "Cornhuskers." It is a life which, perhaps, I feel it possible peculiarly to comprehend because of its nearness to my own in time and space. And here again let me call the Royal Professor to the witness stand and ask him to speak for the poet. Hear him, then:

"If it is important that we should have dealings with poetry at all, it is surely doubly important that we should understand and value rightly the poetry which is being written by our own contemporaries; the poetry which is, in a sense, our own, the poetry of our own generation."

There are poets, contemporaries and of our own generation who seem, nevertheless, to belong to other ages and to other worlds. But none, speaking Americanly, could be more of our time and generation than Carl Sandburg. What has his life been like? I would say, read his two books of poems if you would know. In these two books you veritably "touch a man." But if you hanker for the concrete as differentiated from the transcendental, you will find the personalia most succinctly stated in Miss Amy Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry"—see that chapter entitled, "Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg." Incidentally I cannot say that I consider Miss Lowell's collocation of the two poets altogether happy, for only to the most superficial view do they present any traits of likeness. Intrinsically there is in their poetry as little similarity as in their lives.

About the only thing in which they resemble each other is that each has "gone in" for *vers libre* and through that medium attained sensationally striking effects. But beneath this integument we will find, if we seek for them, two utterly different personalities and poets.

Another citation from the Royal Professor I will here invoke—that in which he expresses himself as follows:

"It is true that for generations now our greatest poetry has been subjective, introspective, analytical—often so intellectual as to be a reflection upon life, rather than a form of life."

Now, Edgar Lee Masters' poetry is intensely intellectualized, at times almost painfully so. Few poets have carried subjectiveness, introspection, analytics, farther, probed deeper into the psychological abyss or more profoundly subtilized their verses. I do not wish, however, to imply that in this process Masters' poetry has become merely a "reflection upon life" and not a "form of life." Quite the reverse is for the most part true—by his peculiar and idiosyncratic poetical gift Masters' intellectualizing tendency cohabits with the tendency, the ability, of coming closely to grips with life, with life in some of its most gripping forms.

On the other hand, I know of no poetry of equal power less intellectualized than Sandburg's. Of course, I must here, in order to make myself plain, again explain—explain that by saying this I do not mean to imply that Sandburg is unintellectual. He possesses a vivid, avid, restless, earnest intellect, and this he has sought, on his way through and about life, to intensify to the utmost, alike with friction and with flame. Yet his poetry remains, nevertheless, unintellectualized with a singular completeness—a completeness that is one of its most persuasive and powerful characteristics and makes persistently for its potential optimism.

Once more the Royal Professor must aid me in making clear my point. Sir Henry Newbolt, as must every lecturer on poetry, especially every one who lectures before societies of savants and collects his lectures into the substance of a book, takes occasion to define poetry, to tell what poetry is, again and again. Poetry must necessarily have many definitions, for any individual who takes account of it. Of Professor Newbolt's, none other is so happy, or so happily phrased, as that in which he declares poetry to be "the emotion of life made audible." And that, indeed, is Sandburg's poetry—the *emotion of his life* made audible. This emotion is doubled in interest and value, at least to me, because so slightly intellectualized. Sandburg hears and sees and feels—hears and sees and feels as does a poet—and out of these sounds and sights and sensations arises a flow of emotion which streams into and suffuses his poetry with very little straining through the intellectual sieve. It is a remarkably naive, direct emotional record and to me a very moving one because, as I have already remarked, the nearness of his life in time and space enables me peculiarly to enter into his emotions and their audible expression in his verse.

It might plausibly be argued that for this very reason I am in a measure incapacitated from rightly gauging him, and that I grant beforehand. I do not hesitate to confess that his poem, "The Prairie," given the place of honor—and how deservedly!—in "Cornhuskers," so emotionally "gets" me that I find it difficult, if not impossible, dispassionately to attempt any estimation of its pure poetic value. All I can do is record the fact that to me it is one of the most kindling, the most appealing "audibilities" which the "emotion of life" has ever elicited from an American poet. At the risk of perpetrating a banality, I cannot escape expressing the conviction that it is destined to become an American classic—which is, moreover, putting the case somewhat lamely for anything so profoundly moving, seeing that a classic is popularly held to be something of a frigid and anaemic calm. Yet "The Prairie" has been received so warmly by critics to whom its appeal must be more or less remote, that it cannot be con-

sidered either local or conditional as a poetic interpretation, not alone of the poet's life, but of that larger life of which his own is but a part.

I have no intention of pursuing a parallel, but the reader of Edgar Lee Masters, who is thoroughly *en rapport* with his work, will realize at once how different a poem he would have made out of such a subject as "The Prairie" from the one Carl Sandburg has given us. He would have approached it in a different way and have produced an entirely different result, as everything in "Toward the Gulf" makes clear. It is natural that Masters should psychologize and dramatize, and his sense of the past is ever-present. Sandburg's psychology is of the slightest and he has little or no dramatic power, while his sense of the past he sums up in a truly characteristic line:

"I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes."

Sandburg has studied the past and brooded on it, but in the presence of a richly poetical theme or intuition which causes him to thrill and vibrate, it disappears almost wholly from his consciousness. He cares nothing about it—he wishes merely to paint pictures, to dream dreams, to let his imagination take form and color from what the sense of life, and not that of the past, evokes. As an example, take his little poem "Bilbea," suggested, he tells us, by a Babylonian tablet exhumed from the debris of the fourth millennium B. C., and contrast it with such a poem as "An Urn from Hadra," in John Myers O'Hara's "Threnodies," another of the books of poetry published in America in the year 1918 that is destined to live. Sandburg's verses have a charm of their own—but when such a subject moves to emotional expression such a poet as O'Hara, who has a sense of the past such as few poets ever have possessed, the result is something so utterly different as to poignantly and powerfully illustrate the peculiar magic of poetry as it works upon similar materials through different temperaments. The past remains "a bucket of ashes" in "Bilbea," while in "An Urn from Hadra" it rises before us living, feeling, flushed with light and color and emotion.

Such a poet as O'Hara consciously aestheticizes the "emotion of life" as it passes into "audibilities" in his poetry, and being a supreme artist, he so merges the aesthetic and poetic qualities that the consciousness of the former merely heightens the latter. Sandburg disdains this method. This is not to say that he is devoid of aesthetic perception. I think it probable that many a line, or phrase, or turn of expression, has been long pondered on and often changed before he has released it into print. But his attempt is to eschew the decorative throughout. In this, as in many other respects, he is a son of Whitman. But he has departed from the Whitmanesque in notable details. He has none of the long-windedness of his master and reveals two opposite tendencies. One of these is the impulse toward "naked poetry," which derives from Oriental sources, most notably the Japanese; the other toward that "futurism" of which Marinetti has been the arch-exponent and propagandist. There are pieces in "Cornhuskers" which suggest the *hokku* and others which suggest the program of the extremists, especially in their form. Some of these items are quite successful, as, for example, these lines, entitled:

NEW FEET

Empty battlefields keep their phantoms.
Grass crawls over old gun wheels
And a nodding Canada thistle flings a purple
Into the summer's southwest wind,
Wrapping a root in the rust of a bayonet,
Reaching a blossom in rust of shrapnel.

Others are not so successful, being rather poetical motifs, or, to express it perhaps more truly, ideographs, than poems actual. They are expressions of immediate intuition, and here for the last time I will introduce the Royal Professor to witness in behalf of Sandburg. From his lecture upon "Poetry and Rhythm" I excerpt the following dictum:

"An intuition or set of intuitions, once grasped and expressed in words, will be a poem—good or bad—even though the words take the form of what is commonly called prose."

Many of us are perhaps unable to go all the way with Sir Henry Newbolt along this path—but it describes, I think, very accurately, that path which Sandburg, as a poet, has taken. His intuitions are his poetry, and the manner of their expression is a secondary matter to him. What he urgently and burningly desires is to communicate his emotional sensations to us, perhaps with slight regard for beauty of form or phrase. To him, I imagine, the famous couplet of Fet:

*"Song has need of beauty,
Beauty needs not even song,"*

might not ring true, inasmuch as he so confidently and frequently seems to eliminate beauty from his poetical medium of expression. Though of course he would argue that beauty exists in it where, perchance, others may see none. The impulse to point out how and why beauty does not exist in a poet's work is, in such circumstances, often difficult to resist, but in the present instance I shall resist; particularly in view of a pithy saying of the Royal Professor, who bids us take heed that the true poet will "continue to produce figs, though his critics Bray loudly for thistles."

I have not mentioned many things which, in any notice of "Cornhuskers," fairly clamor for it. I must conclude, leaving them to others for discussion. These observations, moreover, have only one intention; namely, to send the reader to the book itself, a thing so infinitely richer in reward than any writing about it possibly can be. It represents an immense advance, upon the part of the poet, over "Chicago Poems." There is nothing in that volume comparable to numerous pieces in the new one. And in taking leave of it, I will not, I know, offend the author by indulgence in the language of the proletariat. He has gone far, and he will "keep on going."

♦♦♦♦

The Return of the Immortals

By William Vincent Byars

*When, at last, the Immortals come, who then
their course can stay,
With trumpet blast, or threat of drum, or war's
array?*

ACCORDING to the encyclopedia, Saint Jerome died at Bethlehem in Judea, September 20, A. D. 420,—so that we now lack only a scant two years of completing a millenium and half since the close of his life. Before it had closed, he had put the last touches to his great work, the Latin translation of the Bible, now known as the "Vulgate" and used in the Catholic church throughout the world. So I write now, to suggest that this anniversary be celebrated by the Catholic church throughout the world.

If this seems presumptuous in an unknown writer, outside the Catholic church, I have an apology in my profound admiration for St. Jerome and his work. And I have also now a special reason, which seems to me of profound importance for explaining my admiration.

On the fly-leaf of my copy of the Vulgate, published *"auctoritate Summi Pontificis, Pii IX."* I find the date of purchase, "St. Louis, July 24, 1885." Not without surprise, I find thus that I have been a student in St. Jerome's school of language,—and I have now to add, of art,—for more than thirty years, during none of which, until the present year, have I been able to realize the rank as a poet he holds among the immortals whom he will bring back with him when the language in which the proof of his greatness as a poet survives, is once more living.

I began reading the "Vulgate," because I wished to know Latin in all its centuries as a living language. After reading it thus for ten years, I had freed myself wholly from the delusion of some "classical

scholars," that Jerome's Latin is "vulgar" as compared with that of Cicero and the Latinists of the "Augustan age." Reading by eye, or else with the "time" of modern languages, I learned enough of his realities to know that he has no superior in expressing what he means to say.

After this ten-year period, or since 1895, when I began to realize the meaning of "quantity" in the Homeric poems, I have read the Vulgate persistently while studying the Latin lyrics of the Church, written after the Fourth century, during the period when, except among scholars of the Church, Latin was "a dead language."

I know enough of the Latin of the church, to say with what I feel is full assurance, that the masterpieces of the poetry of the Catholic church, written in "ecclesiastical Latin," are not surpassed in the lyric poetry of any language, ancient or modern. I need only mention the "Dies Irae" as an example of the art in many others, written after Latin "died" as a result of a change in "time" through which, in losing all that belonged to "classical Latin," the church gained all that belongs to Italian, as the language of Dante and Petrarch.

The difference in time on a measuring scale of two plus two (a "spondee") is fractional, and at first hardly audible, as it most affects final syllables. There may be no difference at all in the sound or the tone of syllables, and there is none in the spelling of words. As Dante read Virgil, and as he himself wrote Tuscan, the melody is of its own kind and incomparable. But it could not differ more from such Latin as Saint Jerome knew and wrote "by ear" if that Latin were the language of another planet.

Necessarily, Latin died as a spoken language, with its syntax depending on final syllables, distinctly audible, when it began rhyming, as Dante does in Tuscan, on next-to-the-last syllables, with final syllables slurred, or hardly heard. But this change had not taken place when St. Jerome wrote. As it belongs to poetry, his Latin is "classical." As he uses it, I am now realizing that by right of native genius, as the "capacity for infinite pains," he is not merely a great scholar and linguist, but a poet and artist, and in that right also, one of the Immortals, at whose feet may sit all who wish to realize the transcendent excellence of high art, expressing itself through great simplicity.

I ask attention to the difference between "knowing" and "realizing," in saying that between 1895 and 1900, I "knew" by careful tests that his translations of Hebrew poetry are not Latin prose, but Latin poetry, controlled by the same principles of art and laws of language, controlling in the great Latin and Greek poems, which are said to be written "quantitatively." But it is only as I realize through my own ear and voice what this means, that I speak of it now, as something of the highest importance to the study of language and of literature in this century, and all others.

It is assumed that St. Jerome's translation is prose throughout. When I first undertook to explain how I know that he translates Hebrew poetry into Latin poetry of a high order, I found that I was writing Latin "prosody" and tore what I had written into fragments for the wastebasket. There is not only enough prosody already, but a hundred times too much. The little prosody of Patrick C. Casserly, long used in Catholic schools, slips easily into the pocket. It has 145 pages. If it is cut down to less than 45, there will be left still more than enough to explain all that is meant when it is said that Saint Jerome writes Latin in both prose and verse, "quantitatively" under its laws of syntax as a living language.

I may give a better idea of what this means to me by a parable than by prosody.

There is long known to me a stretch of "country road" bordered by a hedge of such native trees and shrubs as the wild cherry, the sumach and the sassafras. I have walked through it for almost as many years as I have read St. Jerome's Latin. In Spring and Summer, it has been delightful with

its blooming undergrowth of wild plants, and with the various greens of its foliage. Only in October this year, can I remember to have seen it in its change from its color scale of greens to its scales of gold and crimson. It showed then an infinite variety of tints in tones which belong to the "warm colors,"—which those who are "color-blind" cannot see at all.

As I could only express my feelings of this beauty by baring my head to the open sky, so now I could only express what I can feel of the realities of Saint Jerome's art as a poet by baring my head. What I knew before was the green of summer. What I am realizing now is that I have been "color-blind" for thirty years in all I knew of what, to Saint Jerome himself, was most real and most important in his own art as a writer.

I am now writing of the Latin of St. Jerome, not as a dead, but as a living language. As his Vulgate versions of Hebrew poetical books become living to me, I find passages which I prefer to the verse of Aeschylus or to odes of Horace, which the same method in art Jerome uses, makes more easily memorable for me than English verse. I believe that a knowledge of the meaning of the second epode of Horace, as living Latin, will be enough in itself to demonstrate to the ear of any one who masters it, and compares it with the Latin of Jerome in similar measures, all I am saying, and all I might say but do not, because I know no other demonstration is possible than that of the ear and voice.

As living Latin, this Horatian poem rhymes for my ear, with rhyme on its long vowels, consecutive throughout, on the syntax pauses of the Latin language and the pauses of the verse. If the verse-endings are blank, the rhyme flows on over them. The "rests" are either blank pauses, which occur regardless of verse endings, or else couplet rhymes (as in the 15th verse), which also occur regardless of verse endings.

The "ear" for the verse depends first on the "ear" for Latin syntax as it differs from the syntax of all modern languages. As I am now attempting to outline methods for what I am sure will be the greatest advance possible in modern "literary education," I must define myself, and, if in doing so, I must speak of my own methods, it is done "for the work's sake."

To this poem of Horace and similar measures used by Saint Jerome, I must first apply the rules of syntax, as, between 1860 and 1870, I committed them to memory from Ruddiman's Latin grammar, issued for Catholic schools. I was taught these rules as rigidly as they would have been taught in a Jesuit school of the Eighteenth century, so that they would be automatically used in "construing" Latin. It is my opinion that the longer the "Ollendorf method" is used in attempting to teach the "dead languages," the deader they will become. Regardless of that, I state the fact that if I do not read this epode automatically by the rules of Latin syntax, it becomes "blank" at once. It is mere prose, if I lose the "time," as I probably will, on every blunder I make in syntax. Or if I still keep the scale, as read with Italian long vowels it is still mere "blank verse," as for example, in Bulwer-Lytton's translation. If I read both by the scale of the verse, and by the grammar of the Latin language as a living tongue, I know that there can be no greater master of the most careful art in handling rhyme than Horace. In the same way, I know that Saint Jerome, using his own freedom, and writing under the same laws of art and of language, is equally a master of art in living language, when he keeps his measure, but makes the count of syllables subordinate to the expression of his meaning.

Now as for the objection that this is reducing Latin verse to jingling, or "sing-song," it is a fact that if the verse jingles, it is being read ungrammatically, or in false time; and, while its lyrical power is beyond that of modern verse, it requires for reading a clear and distinct articulation beyond that of any modern language. We slur perhaps more

than a fourth of the syllables of spoken English. Not two per cent of St. Jerome's syllables are subject to slur. As they are read in their time, the controlling muscle of the lips, now almost effete in speaking English or German, will come back into play. I am confident that any one who can read the Book of Ecclesiastes fluently in St. Jerome's Latin as living Latin, will be able to emphasize meaning in speaking English, so that he can reach from the front to the back of the largest hall, without appearing to raise his voice. We are semi-inarticulate. We can learn from this Latin what it means to be "articulate." When we learn to speak "articulately," we will not need to rant—even for the strongest emotion. The emphasis of "time" in such clear-cut articulation as belongs to Saint Jerome's art, carries with it a most formidable power in any other language. If it is to be used in English,—*prosit!* The bleeding world needs, and it must have, more and more of the power of soul and mind, against the power of brutality. *Sursum corda!* I do not believe that any one who feels St. Jerome's full power, as a Latin poet in the sixth chapter of Isaiah, can be a coward, if he hears the "Quem mittam?" against the world's worst. If he can, he will be so educated at least that he will know the meaning of the—

"Et dixi: vac mihi, quia tacui!"

As there is the worst confusion among modern writers on the meaning of "quantity," I must try to illustrate what I mean when I say that St. Jerome's Latin is "quantitative." I would do little to that end by saying merely that as he writes this sixth chapter of Isaiah, it is "trochaic" verse, admitting "spondee" (two plus two), and ending either in "cretics" (two plus one, plus two), as usual in Latin, or in "spondee" as usual in the Hebrew he is translating. To give the scale throughout the chapter might be merely confusing. We do not control the time of the voice to scale by the eye in reading Latin. To use a scale in reading, we must hear it. To repeat aloud even an English trochaic verse, over and over, when the ear fails in reading the Latin, will be worth more than a column on prosody. Repeat, for example, the line of Lowell's, emphasizing the first syllable as it should be:

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne."

To illustrate further:—As the verses heading this article have the staves arranged with "end rhymes," they are almost sure to be read with an "iambic" rhythm (one plus two). They are, however, "quantitative" and in quantity, trochaic (two plus one). As in reading Latin prose or verse, grammatically, everything depends first of all on the pause, observe the effect of inserting the comma pause after "when":—

*"When, at last, the Immortals come, who, then, their course can stay
With trumpet blast, or threat of drum, or war's array?"*

With the comma pauses, we can hear the rhyme between "when" and "then," "last" and "blast." The end-rhyme is reduced to its own proper power, when the rhyme which really dominates is fully developed. This is the rhyme between "come" and "drum," with its power to control reinforced as it "turns" on the first syllable in "trumpet." Verse is continually "turning" in Latin on such rhymes. They decide its "quantity," as it could not be otherwise decided for the ear in Latin as a living language. Where the reader makes the "turn," depends on his ear for the "quantity." For example, to re-arrange the staves above:

*"When, at last, the Immortals come,
Who, then, their course can stay,
With trumpet blast, or threat of drum,
Or war's array?"*

In Latin verse, the dominant rhymes in these staves would continue to run, until the ear would be in danger of hearing them too plainly. Then they would be superseded by others, moving unno-

ticed in reserve. So the "quantity" of any given Latin poem, belongs to and flows through the whole poem, and is guided, but not decided by the measure of any single verse. We may make it jerk as easily as we can jerk the stream from a garden hose, but the flow which belongs to its nature is that of the clear water of a living stream, rippling in the sun.

The same stream which scarcely shows its current in its pools, can roar at its rapids, and thunder at its falls. And this is what St. Jerome's "quantities" mean to my ear, as far as they carry my ear with them. Whether they can be, or ought to be, imitated in English verse is another question. But it is only as we know what they mean in the poetry of the "dead" languages, that we can realize at all what these languages meant, living to the ear of those who spoke them.

Beyond this, is much for definition. St. Jerome writes Biblical prose in a "prose measure," which corresponds to modern "blank verse" as nearly as the nature of the Latin language admits. A closely related prose measure appears in the oldest Hebrew and reappears in the oldest Greek literary prose,—that of Herodotus,—passing down through Latin imitations towards modern times. The oldest Hebrew is either poetry, or so highly poetical that it is virtually impossible to tell where prose ends and poetry begins. And this is true of Saint Jerome's Latin, as he follows the Hebrew. Widely as they differ otherwise, Latin, Greek and Hebrew are alike as living languages in syntax through which, when written even in a prose measure, syntax rhyme is so close to the surface, that if the measure is made exact, with an exactly recurring emphasis, rhyme will begin to develop, resulting in harsh discords, unless it is controlled to make music. The distinction between "blank verse" and rhyming verse does not exist in these languages. The prose measure may be used to develop verse of the highest finish, when the thought requires it, and resumed at once, when the thought does not. A poet is one who knows how to prevent discords and make music, when expressing meaning in its fulness. St. Jerome is such a poet. His system of writing,—or rather of spelling,—belongs to his art in prose as well as in verse. And unfortunately, "quantitative" spelling is so far removed from the modern, that we must begin to break our modern habits by beginning at the beginning, and learning to spell, as a child learns it. And this is really what "scanning" by ear means.

Controlling our modern automatic habits by learning to spell in a different "time," may be humiliating, but the reward of such humiliation may be beyond the imagination of the pride of the greatest learning. Those who became properly ashamed of great learning, as the great Gronovius was, may reach, with Jerome's help, the realization of art in some of David's lyrics, which makes them jewels beyond the price of many Attic rubies. See the Hundred and thirty-first Psalm, for example!

When, as one of the Immortals, Jerome returns in the power of living Latin,—as he surely will,—he will bring other Immortals back with him. The great Greek poets, beginning with Aeschylus, will come, as will the greatest of the Romans. And greater than these! The great Hebrew poets wrote in the "Homeric mode" before Homer. The eleventh verse of the Ninetieth Psalm, "a prayer of Moses, the man of God," gives the measure of the "Dies Irae," and its rhyme. We have much to learn. We will learn all that is best, not by adding to unused or perverted knowledge already too great, but by using what we know already.

So of the laws of Latin syntax which we know by rote! So of principles of civilization we know by rote, as they have come down to us since the time of Moses. Would it not change "world-politics" completely if we could introduce into actual political practice only two of the ten commandments? Or if that be forbidden by statute as excessive and revolutionary,—only one,—"thou shalt not steal?"

And so in conclusion, if of all the rules of Latin syntax, known to the Columbus who sets out to reach "the lost Atlantis," he uses only one, let it be: "An adjective must agree with its noun, in gender, number and case." Make it agree to the ear, as Homer knew how to do in Greek, and what Jerome knew of Homer's art, will begin to appear in his Latin, as he translates Isaiah into Latin poetry, for which Isaiah might have thanked him in Paradise.

♦♦♦♦

The Secret

By Tubman Keene Hedrick

LAND

DIRT—more precious than gold;
Dirt that men tread under foot contemptuously,
spurning, spitting upon it.
Dirt that is death—and life—
Great is dirt!

Over three-fourths of the meager world
rolls the devastating sea;
Of the rest, one-third is ice, rock,
sand, ashes—f forbidding mountains,
wide, desolate deserts, scoriae of volcanoes.
On a handful of dirt rests civilization;
the human race is born of dirt, dies in dirt,
becomes dirt.

Down from high, proud mountains,
crashing into lowly valleys, come the stones;
the raw material of dirt, of men.
The glaciers grind them, the waters grind them—
the mills of the gods grinding out dirt for man—
the frost steals in and rends them,
the slow erosion of the ages wears them down.
Finally, that humble, skilled artificer, the worm,
chews and digests the rough stuff
and it becomes dirt, fit for the uses of man.

Dirt, vital dirt!
For this men wage war, pillage, murder,
forfeit their souls—
The excrement of worms!

♦♦

THE LANDLORD

I own the land!
Why bother owning men?
Man cannot live without land—
land is air, water, clothing, shelter, fuel.
All these I own—and the man.
Capital pays me tribute, and labor
exists by my leave, on my terms.
I am the source and end of all profit,
interest, debt. All men labor for me—
I am greater than kings.
Aristocrat, capitalist, proletarian, bourgeois—fools
all!—
in sweat and fever they serve me, unknowing;
their fruit comes to me in rental,
and they know not where it goes.
They suspect one another, and fight amongst themselves,
each charging the other with robbery.

Serene in my fastness I sit and laugh at them,
my unseen hand is in their pockets,
they are my dupes, slaves—and know it not.
They multiply—and make value for me;
they labor and traffic—enhancing my holdings;
they fight and love and die—
and the heirs say: "Lo, what became of the money?"

And I sigh and complain of the taxes,
and nobody suspects me.
When the fret and fury of commerce and work and
war
are ended, the reckoning is with me.
I own mankind. I own the land!

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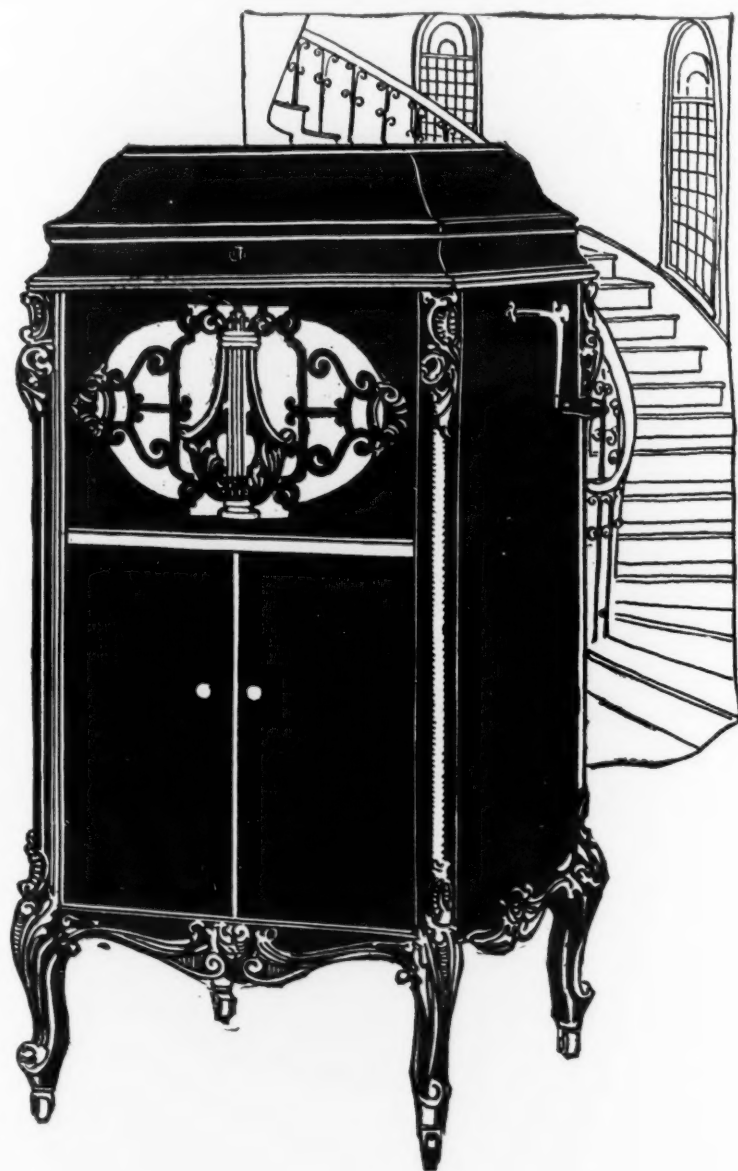
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Music and Life

By Victor Lichtenstein

"We live," wrote Stevenson to Wm. H. Low in 1884, "in a rum age of music without airs, stories without incident, pictures without beauty, American wood-engravings that should have been etchings, and dry-point etchings that ought to have been mezzo-tints. So long as an artist is on his head, is painting with a flute, or writes with an etcher's needle, or conducts the orchestra with a meat-axe, all is well; and plaudits shower along with roses. But any plain man who tries to follow the obtrusive canons of his art, is but a commonplace figure. He will have his reward, but he will never be thought a person of parts."

What would Stevenson say, I wonder, could he witness the condition to which this confusion of aims, rapidly spreading since he wrote, has now reduced all the arts, and perhaps especially music? "Painting with a flute" hardly sounds fantastic any longer, now that symphonies have given place to symphonic "poems," orchestral "sketches" and tone "pictures," and program music has taken the place of supremacy in the art of tone that magazine illustration occupies among graphic arts. Anyone who tries

nowadays to write mere music—expressive of emotion through beauty—is more than ever "a commonplace person." The "persons of parts" are those who give it the quaint local color of folk-songs, like Mr. Percy Grainger, or who make of it an agreeable accessory of dance or stage-picture, like Ravel and Stravinsky, or of colored lights and perfumes, like Scriabine; or who use it as a vehicle for *a priori* intellectual theories, like Schoenberg, or as noise for a nerve stimulant, like Mr. Leo Ornstein.

These pleasant observations are taken from the preface to Daniel Gregory Mason's "Contemporary Composers" (published by The Macmillan Co.), the fourth and concluding volume in a series of studies of great creative musicians from Palestrina to the present; thoughtful and conservative essays on the great streams of musical thought, well worth reading. In the last volume Mr. Mason discusses the problems of the moment in a striking essay on "Democracy and Music," in which he informs us that the supreme creative work of the "golden age of music" was done under the aristocratic patronage system of the latter half of the 18th century; that the spiritual homogeneity of the group who practiced it was gained by excluding the

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lower classes, thereby attaining a unity of feeling that could not otherwise have been achieved; and, "as art is in essence an emotional reaction," this unity of feeling provided a soil in which its seeds could grow.

But with the French Revolution and the passing of feudalism the old order perished. Individualistic competition introduced the epoch of industrialism and capitalism, in which art like everything else, was taken out of the hands of the privileged class and made *theoretically accessible to all*. As the appreciation of art requires, however, mental and emotional discipline, experience, refining, a process which takes time, what actually happened was that those gradually emerging from poverty through industrialism, availed themselves much more slowly of these spiritual privileges than of the material ones. But there remained over from the feudal world a nucleus of cultivated people, who were the guardians of the better traditions.

Mason then discusses the complications brought about by the rise of an idle rich class, who regard music as an amusement, a plaything, a fad. The sum of his speculation is that a unity of social emotion is essential for a healthy universality of art, and that this unity can only be achieved when "enlightened minds and hearts, the finest fruits of civilization, are permitted to be cultivated only under conditions of decent leisure, fair health and free association with the best that has been done and thought in the world." A beautiful Utopian dream!

A refreshing article on "Music in America" pays its respects to the glories of ragtime as typical of the spirit of the American people. "Ragtime is the musical expression of an attitude toward life only too familiar to us all, an attitude shallow, restless, avid of excitement, incapable of sustained attention, skimming the surface of everything, finding nowhere satisfaction, realization or re-

pose. It is a meaningless stir-about, a commotion without purpose, and epilepsy simulating controlled muscular action. It is the musical counterpart of the sterile cleverness we find in so much of our contemporary conversation, as well as in our theatres and books." Mr. Moderwell, who writes entertainingly for *Vogue*, says that "ragtime is the perfect expression of the American city, with its restless bustle and motion, its multitude of unrelated details, its underlying rhythmic progress toward a vague somewhere."

"To such an idolatry of precisely the most hideous, inhuman and disheartening features" in our national and musical life a lover of music and a lover of America can only reply that, first, America lies less on the surface than we think; possible that it is no more adequately represented by Broadway than France is represented by the boulevards of Paris, or England by the London music halls; but that, second, if indeed the land of Lincoln and Emerson has degenerated until nothing remains of it but "jerk and rattle," then we are at least free to repudiate the false patriotism of "My country, right or wrong," to insist that better than bad music is no music, and to let our beloved art subside finally under the clangor of subway gongs and automobile horns, dead but not dishonored.



Symphony Concerts and Miss Cueny's Artist Series.

But those of us who still believe in the saving grace of the beautiful in art, can console ourselves with the knowledge that the great democratic message of the masters, past and contemporary, those tone-poets who have sensed the heart-throbs of humanity, will still resound and re-sound in the concerts of the Symphony Society which will begin this (Friday) afternoon at the Odeon. Mr. Zach has been re-engaged as conductor of the orchestra and his projected programs display his usual catholicity of taste. For the first pair of concerts Tschaiikowsky's 5th Symphony, Berlioz' piquant Roman Carnival (one of the Frenchman's last works) and Ballantine's "St. Agnes Eve" (after Keats) will comprise the orchestral menu. Francesca Peralta, American soprano, whose charming "Nedda" at the Municipal theatre in the summer of 1917 will be recalled by many, will be the soloist.

This evening Miss Cueny will open her series with a recital of pianoforte music by Leo Ornstein, one of the modern anarchists in art. Carl Van Vechten in a series of amusing essays ("The Merry-go-Round," A. Knopf, publisher) calls Ornstein "a small boy upsetting a push-cart!" This impertinent characterization will surprise us when we read the superb program this unique artist will play tonight at the Sheldon Auditorium, Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, two Bach-Busoni chorales, some Chopin, Grieg and Liszt, not forgetting the contemporary impressionists, Ravel, Cyril Scott, Debussy, and Scriabine.



The Ornstein recital is the first concert of the Artist Subscription Series



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Distinctive Dinner Gowns

JOYOUS, glorious, happy days are these, with everyone planning and thinking of dinners and dances and theater parties—not only that, but thinking of lovely new gowns and suits and wraps to wear to all the festivities that will now be given.

Anticipating the trend of events, the makers of women's apparel have been busy designing and creating beautiful fashions. We have received a wonderful collection of these Gowns and Wraps and are displaying them in our Apparel Sections.

For more than a year fashions have been subdued, and now they are blossoming forth with every wonderful color, fabric and trimming to be had. Surely they were the direct inspiration of the victory that is ours. They are beautiful, and women will be wearing them to the many parties, the various clubs and the theaters.

THE Dinner and Evening Gowns are exquisite. Quite a long time since we have spoken of Dinner and Evening Gowns, but now we are showing wonderful new ones. They are of silver cloth, of black net beaded in crystal, of crepe chiffon trimmed with wool embroidery—of gold lace and tulle, of chiffon velvet and lace, of black Chantilly laces, of Georgette embroidered in chenille—the trimmings are so original—the colors are too numerous to mention.

There are many gowns that would be suitable for afternoon as well as evening wear. There are other frocks for restaurant wear and for the afternoon affairs.

Besides the splendid collection of Dinner Gowns and Afternoon Frocks, there are beautiful Wraps to wear with them. Many of these are handsome Limousine Wraps.

The showing of New Suits and Afternoon Tailors has many exclusive new models.

Third Floor.

STIX, BAER & FULLER

in which are included such high musical lights as the Flonzaley Quartet, Lucy Gates, coloratura soprano and The Little Symphony; George Barrere, conductor and flute soloist.

The Apollo Club under the leadership of Chas. Galloway, will give the first public concert in the 25 years of its existence next Tuesday night at the Odeon. Miss Mabel Garrison, soprano,

will be soloist. The Apollo ranks as one of the best male choruses in America.



There recently rushed into a police station a youngster very much out of breath, who gasped out to an officer: "You're—wanted—down—down in—in our street—an'an' bring an ambulance!" "What's the trouble?" demanded the policeman. "And why bring

an ambulance?" "Because," the kiddie explained, when he had recovered his breath, "mother's found the lady that pinched our doormat!"



Bess—So Van Speederly has inherited a million? How long will it last him?

Bob—That depends. If he blows it, ten years; if he invests it, about five.—*Town Topics.*



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Letters From the People

A Plague o' Poets

Editor Reedy's Mirror:

Please head off the poetry. I believe a poet has a corner surrounded by cubist pictures; he goes there and tries to be insane, and wants to die. Wadyu think of this:

"Living . . . living . . . living . . . living,

Yearning and dancing, and no way to die."

If the reader goes bughouse, the poet's purpose is finished. If an editor is not a protection, what is he for?

C. F. HUNT, Chicago.

A Word of Approval

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.
12 Mt. Morris Park West
New York, Nov. 14, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The liberals of this country owe you gratitude for your editorial "Amnesty for Political Prisoners" in the November 8th issue of THE MIRROR.

You might emphasize the fact that this is the only civilized country in the world which does not recognize such a thing as a political offender or political prisoner, and in which a man who is convicted for giving expression to his honest convictions, either orally or on paper, is treated in exactly the same manner as is the burglar, the slugger, the forger, or the cold-blooded murderer.

Russia at its very worst recognized the distinction between political and common prisoners, and the former were always treated with a certain amount of respect and consideration or even awe. The jailers recognized that there was a difference between a man who takes his life or liberty in his hands for the sake of an idea, and the common criminal. Ours is the only country that refuses to recognize any difference between the two.

As to the sentences which have been imposed upon our political prisoners, within a very few years the world will stand aghast and will refuse to believe that such things were possible. No such sentences as Judge Clayton imposed upon the four unfortunate Russians would be thinkable in any other country in the world, certainly not in Germany, either before or during the war, and hardly even in Russia during the worst period of the Romanoff-Rasputin régime. Fifteen years and one thousand dollars fine to a slip of a girl for distributing a circular and twenty years and one thousand dollars fine to three young men for printing it! Silly as the circular was, the judge knew perfectly well that it could have no effect whatever in our country, that nobody would pay any attention to it and that it would not interfere with the draft of one single soldier. But in spite of that he ridiculed and abused the poor friendless, helpless prisoners, and then gave them sentences which would be suitable for

actual traitors, for planters of bombs in ships or munitions factories.

Talk about Judge Jeffries! History will forget his name and in its stead will use the names of some of our judges in the years 1917 and 1918.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.

Why We Got In

Nov. 16, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Now that the Central Powers have received the thrashing they so richly deserved, I am moved to protest against all the stupid utterances that emanate from the press and pulpit, the altruistic, philanthropic and noble reasons why the United States fought in the World War.

Even that arch prophet and logician, Prof. Usher, recently quoted in the *Globe-Democrat*, said: "It is to our eternal glory and honor that we entered the War from as nearly disinterested motives as can exist in this sinful and materialistic world. We entered it to succor the bleeding and prostrate Belgians, the sorely tried French, etc., etc. We have succeeded and their gratitude and our reward will be found in human hearts and not in the pages of the treaty of peace. Our influence on the eventual terms may be great but it will not be in our own interest nor to our advantage."

I think that the invaded countries were bleeding some years before the United States entered the fray and I make bold to say that had not German agents torpedoed our ships, murdered our citizens on the high seas and committed other outrageous acts against us, the Allied countries might still be bleeding and under the Iron Heel of the brutal and domineering Prussians. Some far-seeing statesman correctly saw in Prussia's lust for conquest the menace to our own shores and, happily, we got in while the getting in was good.

Prof. Usher admits that the "claims" of the United States for reparation will have their place beside the claims of Belgium and France, but "there will be no claim for any territory." But, do we covet any foreign territory? "Remember the Maine."

No doubt, we will help clothe the naked, feed the starving and restore the defeated countries to what we consider a normal state; in fact, do everything expedient to promoting social harmony; and I ask if this is not dictated by selfish motives, or if it sounds better, by intelligent self-interest, then what?

E. L. FAY.

Mr. O'Donnell's Views

3219 Lafayette Ave.

Nov. 17, 1918.

Editor Reedy's Mirror:

Reading over your excellent paper of the 15th, as usual, I find something that I heartily disagree with. As I wrote you before, it's these things—things you write,—that make one wish to punch something that I find so al-

luring in your papers and, by the way, when subscription time comes 'round, they give that impulse to renew.

Here it is. In your article on "Peace" you say we ought to take the bloody Germans to our bosoms like long lost brothers. That is most decidedly what we should not do, and, I believe, unless our pacifists and pro-Germans at Washington are allowed to run things, we will not. If they could do so much and stand so much hardship and suffering, to try to conquer the world, causing much misery to all civilized people and keep that up cheerfully, as long as there was a possibility of winning, as long as things were going their way, as long as the plunder of unfortunate France and Belgium was theirs—then they can stand a little more now in the way of penance. It really would be for the best if we left the settlement with Germany to the nations that have suffered—the Belgians, the French, British and Serbs.

Many of us thought it was unfortunate in one way, we got into the war at the time we did. Our doing so settled any possible doubts as to the final result, but it carried with it the possibility of a soft peace for the Germans.

Our people have always been "soft" and easy and careless in their dealings with other peoples. We are especially in danger now, on account of the pacifist-socialist combination in the present government. And the Germans—the whole people—must be made to feel and realize what they've done, and to want never, never, never to go on a rampage again.

Therefore, I say, let the French et al. make the terms under which Germans shall be allowed to associate with decent people again; we can help enforce the terms. Most men I mix with, feel this way, even more so. If you will think it over you must realize the importance of this and you have the power, through your paper, of helping the good work and especially of combating the outbreak we are sure to have now any day of the old pro-Germans and pacifists and Sinn Feins and I. W. W.—all the cranks. Soak 'em all! More power to your elbow.

Yours sincerely,
P. O'DONNELL, JR.

♦♦♦

She Proposed to Walt

By Bliss Perry

THE LETTERS OF ANNE GILCHRIST AND WALT WHITMAN. Edited, with an introduction, by Thomas B. Harned. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In a famous scene of "The Scarlet Letter" the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, after vainly exhorting Hester Prynne to name the father of her child, drew back with a long respiration and murmured, "Wonderous strength and generosity of a woman's heart!"

Some such exclamation as this rises involuntarily to the lips as one reads the letters written by Anne Gilchrist to Walt Whitman. That these letters were in existence has long been known to the public, but only a few students of Whitman's life have hitherto been aware of their real significance. The secret is

told now, a generation after the death of the persons most nearly concerned. Mr. Thomas B. Harned, one of Whitman's literary executors, who has had the Gilchrist letters in his possession since the poet's death in 1892, has set forth in an admirable introduction to the "Letters" his reasons for believing that the time has come for giving them to the world. More "intimate" and more noble revelations of a woman's heart

have not often been committed to paper, and if the general problem of the propriety of ever printing a woman's love letters be answered in the affirmative, there will be few questioners of Mr. Harned's judgment in deciding to print these. For it now appears that Mrs. Gilchrist was more than a loyal admirer and defender of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." She was deeply in love with the poet and offered herself to him in

marriage. With what result, we shall see.

Who was Anne Gilchrist? Her son, Herbert H. Gilchrist, the English painter, published an excellent memoir, entitled "Anne Gilchrist, Her Life and Writings," in 1887. She was born in London in 1828, thus being nine years younger than Walt Whitman. In her twenty-third year she was happily married to Alexander Gilchrist, an accom-

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plished art critic and man of letters best remembered today for his "Life of Blake," which was completed by his wife after his early death in 1861, at the age of 33. The Gilchrights were then living in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, next door to the Carlyles, and among their other intimate friends were William and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The Rossetti brothers gave the young widow every assistance in finishing the "Life of Blake." She now took a cottage in the country, and devoted herself to her four children, writing occasional articles, and enjoying the friendship of the Tennysons, who were building "Aldworth" nearby. In 1869 Madox Brown lent her a copy of William Rossetti's "Selections from Whitman," and soon afterward Rossetti placed in her hands his own complete copy of "Leaves of Grass."

Seldom has any book made a more instant and profound impression upon a cultivated reader, already conversant with the great literature of the world. Biographers of Whitman have repeatedly pointed out the satisfaction felt by him and his friends in gaining so notable a convert to "Leaves of Grass." For Rossetti, who thought Mrs. Gilchrist "incredibly enthusiastic" about the book, sent to W. D. O'Connor, in Washington, copies of the lady's letters about the poems. These copies are now in my possession, and I venture to reprint here a few sentences already utilized in my "Life of Whitman," page 189:

In regard to those poems which raised so loud an outcry, I will take courage to say frankly that I find them also beautiful, and that I think even you have misapprehended them. Perhaps, indeed, they were chiefly written for wives. I rejoice to have read these poems; and if I or any true woman feel that, certainly men may hold their peace about them. You will understand that I still think that instinct of silence I spoke of a right and beautiful thing; and that it is only lovers and poets (perhaps only lovers and this poet) who may say what they will—the lover to his own, the poet to all, because all are in a sense his own. Shame is like a very flexible veil that takes faithfully the shape of what it covers—lovely when it hides a lovely thing, ugly when it hides an ugly one. There is not any fear that the freedom of such impassioned words will destroy the sweet shame, the happy silence, that enfold and brood over the secrets of love in a woman's heart.

After some revision, the letters were published under the title, "A Woman's Estimate of Walt Whitman," in the Boston Radical for May, 1870. Herbert Gilchrist reprinted this article, together with a later one upon the same subject entitled "A Confession of Faith," in the memoir of his mother. Rossetti thought it the "fullest, furthest-reaching and most eloquent appreciation of Whitman" which had appeared up to that time, and the poet himself described it as a "burst of sunlight over the sea." Mrs. Gilchrist was quite aware that in defending "Leaves of Grass" in its entirety she was challenging certain "Victorian" canons.

I often feel (she wrote to Rossetti) as if my enterprise were very like Lady Godiva's—as if hers were indeed typical of mine. For she stripped the veil from woman's body for a good cause and I from a woman's soul for a great cause. And no man has ever dared to find any fault with her.

But the reader must not think that

Anne Gilchrist was temperamentally inclined to challenge convention. W. M. Rossetti made this fact perfectly clear.

I never knew a woman (he wrote of her) who, while maintaining a decorous social position, from which she never deviated by a hair's breadth, showed less propensity toward any of those social distinctions which are essentially factitious and arbitrary.

This remark should be kept in mind as one reinterprets, in the new light cast by the letters now published, the subsequent relations of Mrs. Gilchrist with Whitman. In such a book as Elizabeth Porter Gould's "Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman," based essentially on Herbert Gilchrist's Memoir of his mother, we have the pleasant story of a close literary and personal friendship with the poet, strengthened by Mrs. Gilchrist's arrival in Philadelphia in 1876, and continuing, after her return to England in 1879, until her death in 1885. And this is all that has been known, except by those few persons who have been permitted by Mr. Harned to read the letters in manuscript during the twenty-six years that have elapsed since Whitman's own death in 1892.

But it now transpires that the very first letter addressed by Anne Gilchrist (the widow of 43) to the poet, on September 3, 1871, was a passionate one, written "out in the autumn fields for dear life's sake," and confessing what had happened to her when she first read his poems:

It was the divine soul embracing mine. I never before dreamed what love meant; nor what life meant. * * * In May, 1869, came the voice over the Atlantic to me—O, the voice of my mate! It must be so—my love rises up out of the very depths of the grief and tramples upon despair. I can wait—any time, a lifetime, many lifetimes—I can suffer, I can dare, I can learn, grow, toil, but nothing in life or death can tear out of my heart the passionate belief that one day I shall hear that voice say to me: "My mate. The one I so much want. Bride, wife, indissoluble eternal! * * * Understand aright, dear love, the reason of my silence. I was obeying the voice of conscience. I thought I was to wait. For it is the instinct of a woman's nature to wait to be sought—not to seek. * * * But now I will wait no longer. A higher instinct dominates that other, the instinct for perfect truth."

On September 6 she wrote again, but this letter is missing. It was followed on October 23 by another, poignant in its uncertainty, infinitely touching in the completeness of its abandonment:

Spare me the needless suffering of uncertainty on this point, and let me have one line, one word, of assurance that I am no longer hidden from you by a thick cloud. * * * My soul has staked all upon it. * * * I am yet young enough to bear thee children, my darling, if God should so bless me. * * * Let me have a few words directly, dear friend.

Evidently this letter must have crossed Whitman's of November 3, in reply to her first letter. The poet's note was brief. He has been busy, it seems, and not in the best mood for writing:

But I must at least show without further delay that I am not insensible to your love. I too send you my love. And do you feel no disappointment because I now write so briefly. My book is my best letter, my response, my truest explanation of all. In it I have put my body and spirit. You understand this

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better and fuller and clearer than anyone else. And I too fully and clearly understand the loving letter it has evoked. Enough that there surely exists so beautiful and delicate a relation, accepted by both of us with joy.

"That word 'enough' was like a blow on my breast to me," she answered on November 27. After the "long, long waiting, the hope deferred," the "heart-wearying disappointment as I looked in vain for a letter," this "enough"—and a copy of his book—is all that she receives.

I cannot, like you, clothe my nature in divine poems and so make it visible to you. Ah, foolish me! I thought you would catch a glimpse of it in those words I wrote—I thought you would say to yourself, "Perhaps this is the voice of my mate," and would seek me a little to make sure if it were so or not.

Anne Gilchrist had read "Leaves of Grass" and thought she was finding "no book, but a man," and now she discovered that she had won, not a man, but a book! Did she remember how Goethe sent to the deserted Friederike Brion a copy of his new book as atonement? But she had too brave and bountiful a nature to accept her disappointment as a tragedy.

Perhaps the letters that I have sent you since that first (she writes in 1872) have given you a feeling of constraint toward me because you cannot respond to them. I will not write any more such letters; or, if I write them because my heart is so full I cannot bear it, they will not find their way to the post. But do not, because I give you more than friendship, think that it would not be a very dear and happy thing to me to have friendship only from you.

"Friendship only" it was to be henceforward. Whitman's letters were infrequent; indeed only six appear in the correspondence. "Shall you never find it in your heart to say a kind word to me again? or a word of some sort?" she entreats in 1873. "Do not fear that I shall take it to mean anything it doesn't mean. I shall never do that again."

Why was it, to repeat Mrs. Gilchrist's own words, that Whitman "could not respond" to her offer of marriage? Mr. Harned, whose knowledge of the poet was intimate, believes that Whitman's heart was already bestowed elsewhere. "I am indebted to Professor Holloway," he remarks in his Introduction,

for the information that Whitman was, in 1864, the unfortunate lover of a certain lady whose previous marriage to another, while it did not dim their mutual devotion, did serve to keep them apart. To her Whitman wrote that heart-wrung lyric of separation, "Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd."

Many students of Whitman are aware that Emory Holloway has been making successful researches into hitherto unknown phases of Whitman's life, but until his biography of the poet appears we must apparently be satisfied with the explanation which Mr. Harned has adopted. Whether it goes psychologically to the root of the matter is perhaps another question, but one which cannot be discussed here.

After Whitman's paralysis in 1873 he sent Mrs. Gilchrist a ring from his finger, "with my love." She wore it thereafter, and broke her promise—a little—in 1874 by writing him of that "wife's love" which he drew from her

resistlessly. In 1875 she is still "thirsting, pining, loving." In 1876 she proposes to come to Philadelphia:

I passionately believe there are years in store for us, years of tranquil, tender happiness. * * * Hold on but a little longer for me, my Walt.

But the good gray poet replied to this:

My dearest friend, I do not approve your American trans-settlement. * * * Don't do anything towards it nor resolve on it nor make any move at all in it without further advice from me.

Nevertheless, the lady declares that she has waited seven years and is not now to be dissuaded. So she comes at last, with three of her four children, and takes a house in Philadelphia where Whitman was a constant and dear guest at supper time. There is deep respect and affection on both sides, but henceforward there are no lyric raptures.



Christmas Greeting Cards

The demand for Christmas Greeting Cards this year will be great. People's hearts are knit closer than ever before, on account of the boys in Service. This spirit is certain to find expression in the form of Yuletide Greetings.

We especially urge that orders be placed immediately for cards intended for overseas greeting.

Now that nearly everyone has someone in Service to write to, stationery is exceptionally welcome as a gift.

Personal Engraved Greeting Cards, dozen,	\$1.50 up	Playing Cards, the pack,	40c
Boxed Stationery,	\$1.00 up	Solid Silver Ink Wells,	\$5.50 up
Correspondence Cards, boxed,	85c up	Eversharp Pencils,	\$1.00 up
Fountain Pens, self-filling,	\$1.50 up	Calendars, artistic designs,	\$1.50 up
Leather Calendars,	50c	Greeting Cards, dozen,	50c up
		Solid Silver Desk Sets, in silk lined case, 6 pieces, complete,	\$7.50

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Anne Gilchrist's letters after her return to England in 1879 are admirable as always, full of gossip about her children and her work, and with vivid pictures of her friends the Tennysons and the Carlyles. They are rich in description of lovely English landscapes, and are touched with the personal charm which fascinated her many American and English friends. "Lazy me, that have been thinking letters to you instead of writing them!" And when she does write she

no longer mentions the unattainable: she is humorous, maternal, indomitable, still enjoying life, still planning books and articles to write, still loyal in that deep affection which seems to have replaced the passion which had met with no return. Her last letter ends with "My love, dear Walt."

The poet talked about her often in his closing years, but her real secret remained reticently guarded. Whitman did not even wish to have Herbert Gil-

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Marie Fitzgibbons, The Newmans, Frank and Milton Britton, and the Of-
ficial Review and other pictures.

World's Latest News and Comedy Pictures.
Show Never Stops—11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Every Day.

christ print extracts from these letters
in the memoir of his mother.

I feel to keep these utterances exclu-
sively to myself (he said). But I can-
not let your book go to press without
at least saying—and wishing it put on
record—that among the perfect women I
have met (and it has been my unspeak-
ably good fortune to have the very best,
for mother, sisters, and friends) I have
known none more perfect in every re-
lation than my dear, dear friend, Anne
Gilchrist.

Poets have a way of saying the final
word.—From *New York Times Book
Review*.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

"Oh, Look!" Elliott, Comstock and Gest's
newest and most successful musical comedy,
with the wonderful Dolly Sisters and the
inimitable Harry Fox, seldom seen outside of
New York, as well as the entire original cast
and beauty chorus is coming to the Shubert-
Jefferson Theatre for Thanksgiving week, the
engagement beginning next Monday evening.
The Dolly Sisters and Fox were to appear only
in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadel-
phia. They opened in Chicago in July, to
remain until the holidays, but the closing
of the theatres in Chicago left six weeks
open between that city and their date in
Philadelphia, so they came here to fill in part
of that time. James Montgomery is the
author of "Oh, Look!" The lyrics are by
Joseph McCarthy, while Harry Carroll has
composed the most fascinating musical score
in a long while. Those who have heard "I'm
Always Chasing Rainbows," "You're Abso-
lutely Wonderful," "Typical Topical Tunes,"
and other gems from "Oh, Look!" will tes-
tify to the quality of its score.

♦

Alexandra Carlisle comes to the American
theatre for Thanksgiving week, commencing
Sunday night in "The Country Cousin." She
made a great success on the stage in her native
country, England, before coming to America
eight years ago. Appearing first in the United
States in "The Mollusc," she became later
leading woman with E. H. Sothern in "The
Two Virtues" and his revival of "If I Were
King," and then played the leading role for
one season with John Drew in "Rosemary."
Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler then
engaged her to play the leading role of *Nancy
Price* in the Booth Tarkington-Julian Street
comedy, "The Country Cousin." This char-
acter is a young woman from a small Ohio
town who has made a success of farming.
Miss Carlisle was instantaneously successful
in the part. Seats for this engagement are
now on sale.

♦

Derwent Hall Caine, called by the London
Post England's greatest romantic actor, and
son of Hall Caine, the celebrated Manx author,
will be seen in his father's one-act play, "The
Iron Hand," at the Orpheum for the Thanks-
giving week bill. Mr. Caine, though origi-
nally inclining to literature, took to the
stage. He played the character of *John
Storm* in "The Christian" more than 800
times in London and for four successive
seasons has played *Pete* in the dramatic
version of his father's book, "The Manxman."
He also played in the film of "The Christian."
When the Isle of Man, not much larger than the
Island of Manhattan, declared war on Germany,
Mr. Caine equipped a small ship, organized a
crew and gave them to the British navy.
Wounded at St. Moritz later and unfit for
rigorous duty he became an army chauffeur, and
then, further incapacitated for service, returned
to the stage in this playlet, which tells the story
of the German invasion and what happened to
a Belgian lieutenant. Another leader of the
bill is George MacFarland, the baritone whose
voice is one of the best and highest in musical
comedy. He has concluded a long season with
"Miss Springtime." Bessie Browning is a high-
ly entertaining actress and A. Robins, "The
Walking Music Store," is a humorous imitator
of musical instruments. He was with "Katinka"
for sixty-two weeks. Ames and Winthrop,
among the cleverest entertainers in vaudeville,
appear in an original sketch. Marie Lo, the fa-
mous poseuse, enacts in "Art Studies" the
choicest works in the famous art galleries. Lew
Rose and Kathryn Moon have an effectively ar-

ranged routine of songs and dances. The
travelogue will show the wondrous workman-
ship of nature in Yellowstone National Park.

♦

The burlesque by Irwin's Majestics at the
Gayety Theatre, starting with the matinee Sun-
day and continuing for the entire week with
two performances daily, will be headed by the
popular and effective star, Florence Bennett,
assisted by a large and skillful company. A two-
act musical comedy with a large and sumptuous-
ly dressed chorus of singing and dancing girls
has been provided. Ruth Barbour, a lively sou-
brette; Hazel Morris, a clever and vivacious
comedienne; Peggy Braun, prima donna; Flo,
eccentric ingenue; May Belmont, character
soubrette; and Miss Bennett, star of the oc-
casion, will head the delegation of attractive
femininity. Lyle La Pine, Roscoe Aills, George
Leon and Irving Fisher, will be the principal
male entertainers.

♦♦♦

The Enchanted Shirt

By John Hay

The King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king
should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their
heads

And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble,
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined,
In succession they thumped his august
chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're sound as a
nut."

"Hang him up," roared the King in a
gale,—

In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious
nose,

And thus his prescription ran,—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one
night*

....In the shirt of a happy man.

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode
And fast their horses ran,

And many they saw, and to many they
spoke,

But they found no happy man.

They found poor men who would fain
be rich,

And rich who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waists in
stays,

And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;

For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last as they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled and sang and laughed and
rolled

On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;

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And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!

You seem to be happy today."

"Oh, yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed, And his voice rang free and glad, "An idle man has so much to do That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said; "Our luck has led us aright, I will give you a hundred ducats, friend, For the loan of your shirt tonight."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,

And laughed till his face was black; "I would do it, Got wot," and he roared with the fun,

"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

On the New York stock exchange price movements continue irregular and feverish. They are mostly influenced by clique operations in a few especially volatile issues, such as Texas oil, Mexican petroleum, Mercantile marine, Baldwin locomotive, and, of course, Steel common. Massy liquidation frequently breaks out in some more or less obscure quarters, where markets are pretty thin in days of financial travail and *malaise*. Owing to solicitous supervision on the part of the high financial powers, these evil-looking breaks are, as a rule, brought to a stop before they work real mischief in the general market. Opinion as to tendencies between now and January 1 is exceptionally conflicting, though it would appear that among unprofessional traders at least expectations of an extensive renewal of bullish tactics still are widely prevalent. Old professionals lean towards skepticism. They hold that the monetary market's badly cramped condition should preclude hopes of bold inflationistic demonstrations in the near future. This cautious view comports with past records. Inquiry for funds invariably expands in the final five or six weeks, owing to preparations for heavy disbursements and commercial settlements. This year, the enlargement in requests for funds will be more than usually felt on account of the tension that has been noticeable for months, and that would have been decidedly disagreeable at times if the nation's treasurer and banking powers had not been severely conservative in the exercise of their authority. There's another and very weighty matter to be pondered in this respect. For some months to come, the custodians of the people's funds will find it peremptory, in the studying of applications for loans, to pay close attention to the possible or probable effects of peace upon individual and corporate credit in thousands of cases. Some shrinkage in trade is inevitable, temporarily at least. There will also be important modifications in commodity prices, not immediately, but after March 1. As concerns wages, we have Samuel Gompers' truculent manifesto that American labor will make no concessions, and that "the advantage which the workers of America and of the allied countries have gained, and which we hope to extend to the people even of the conquered countries, are not going to

be taken away from us. And we will resist that attempt to the uttermost." Pretty plain,—don't you think? Wall street's official crier will not be slow in announcing Gompers' declaration of independence: "Oyez, oyez, oyez!"

All these things must be drawn into consideration by circumspect operators on the stock exchange. Their influences on values will plainly be discernible by and by. Incidentally, it must be noted that the government has taken over the consolidated express business, now carried on by the American Railway Express Co. The miraculously versatile W. Gibbs McAdoo will be in charge of this concern also. He has stated that there will be no radical changes, apart—ahem!—from advances in rates and an addition of \$12,000,000 to the pay-roll. There's practically nothing doing in express stocks these days, for obvious reasons. Gone forever are the happy days when owners of such companies could look for fat dividends in cash or new stock. In 1909, the Wells-Fargo declared a dividend of 300 per cent and thereby raised the price of its stock from 300 to 670. It was shortly after that climacteric moment that the public began to show malevolence to express companies.

Baldwin locomotive common is one of the pivotal specialties in Wall street. It displayed pronounced strength the other day, on cheerful reports about contracts and earnings, but the quotation was jammed down several points subsequently on advices that valuable French contracts had been cancelled. The stock is rated at 79 at present. This seems quite a dignified figure, holders getting no dividends and the industrial outlook being highly uncertain. Three years ago, the price was 154. Speculators in Mercantile Marine preferred have all the excitement they care for. Their ears and minds are finely attuned to the ceaseless and contradictory reports about a transfer of the company's British tonnage to the London government. The "deal" is still to be consummated, and there's sufficient reason for suspecting that fulfillment of even the most roseate hopes has already been liberally discounted in market value. The ruling quotation of 113 compares with 83½ last January. One feels at a loss to understand why there should be such an interminable ado over this particular stock and the dickering over tonnage. There's a multiplicity of good investment and speculative stocks that can be bought on better terms than Mercantile Marine preferred. Careful investors are interested in permanent merits rather than in fashions in financial markets. M. M. has been the football of gamblers since the summer of 1915. Much of the romancing about present and future value will vanish into thin air as the speculative fabric reared on war conditions disappears before our vision from day to day. Prices of railroad shares are now moving in sympathy with those of industrials. They denote declines of three to five points. Railroad bonds remain notably firm, however, in most all representative instances. They are still being absorbed by investors, though in somewhat reduced volumes. After gains of eight to twelve points,



Score One for St. Louis

¶ When self-satisfied Boston voluntarily accepts Saint Louis as a tutor in any line of endeavor, it's time to score a victory for Saint Louis.

¶ Such a victory has been won. The Vice-President of one of the largest banks in Boston recently made a special trip to Saint Louis to find out, as he put it, "how the National Bank of Commerce managed to get itself so favorably talked about throughout the country."

¶ And here is the explanation he found: That our institution is highly organized; that our officers are ever courteous and attentive to customers and visitors; and that our employees are willing and efficient. Simple-sounding things these—but institutional success, like personal success, is the result of the everlasting application of simple principles.

The National Bank of Commerce

in Saint Louis

SHUBERT-JEFFERSON
St. Louis' Leading Playhouse

SUNDAY NIGHT AND ALL WEEK
Matinees Wednesday, Thanksgiving and Saturday

Elliott Comstock and Gest present **O H, LOOK!**

with the **DOLLY SISTERS—HARRY FOX** And entire Original Cast and Feminine Ensemble of 50

Nights 50c; \$2.00
Saturday and Thanksgiving Matinees, 50c—\$1.50
POP. MAT. WED., \$1.00

POP CONCERT

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
MAX ZACH, CONDUCTOR.

ODEON, SUNDAY AT 3:15 P. M.

Soloist—**RUDOLPH GRUEN—Pianist**

POPULAR PATRIOTIC PROGRAM—COMMUNITY SINGING.

PARQUET, 50c; BALCONY, 25c; WAR TAX, 10c.

TICKETS AT KIESELHORST'S 1007 OLIVE STREET.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERTS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22 at 8:00 AND

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23 at 8:15.

Soloist—**FRANCESCA PERALTA—Soprano**

Tickets, \$1 to \$2. At Kieselhorst's. Sale Opens Monday, Nov. 18.

SEASON TICKETS, \$7.50 TO \$17.50.

NOW SELLING AT THE OFFICE OF THE ORCHESTRA, 210 UNIVERSITY CLUB BUILDING.

one must be prepared for a slackening of the demand. Wall street found comfort in the announcement that the \$20,000,000 6 per cent notes of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. had been oversubscribed. Encouragement was derived

also from the high bids submitted for an issue of \$7,000,000 bonds of the city of Philadelphia. It was reasoned that large amounts of money are yet available for investment purposes. Touching this, it should be borne in mind that a

How are you protected against your worst enemy, Carelessness ?

Are your valuables, your securities, your fire and life insurance policies and other documents of importance sufficiently safeguarded against loss by fire or theft?

Have you by will made provision for the proper administration of your estate and its conservation for the benefit of your dependents?

Our **SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS** will protect your securities, documents and valuables against thieves and the elements.

Our **TRUST DEPARTMENT** will administer and conserve your estate for those for whom you wish to provide.

Mercantile Trust Company
Member Federal Reserve System
U.S. Government Protection
EIGHTH AND LOCUST — TO ST. CHARLES

This Company has only one inflexible rule—"Individual Service and Courteous Attention." All of our other regulations are for the protection and convenience of customers. We want to understand each customer's individual needs—and apply or create a businesslike way to take care of them.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over \$8,000,000
FOURTH and PINE ST. LOUIS

Upon request we will mail you our Booklet entitled
"How to Invest Your Monthly Savings in Bonds"
LORENZO E. ANDERSON & CO.,
310 N. EIGHTH ST. BOND DEPT.

multitude of folks who had bought stocks in 1917 have recently taken their profits and placed them in high-grade bonds. A course of procedure like this deserves earnest commendation and still more extensive emulation. As above stated, the loan market is pretty tight. The rate for mixed collateral is 6 per cent; for industrials, 6½ per cent. Brokers are impatiently waiting for a change for the better. They are daily beseeching the banks for additional loans, but mostly in vain. The cotton market has been in convulsions in the past few days, with wide breaks in all options. Daily losses ranged from \$5 to \$10 per bale. There, too, the boys are desperately struggling to get back on a peace basis. The December deal is quoted at 27.52 cents per pound; the top mark of some months ago was close to 40 cents. A reasonable quotation under changed and changing conditions would be 19 or 20 cents. Before the war, 15 cents used to be regarded as a nice quotation, though in the Brown and Sully bull campaigns, aspirations and achievements went considerably higher than that. Turbulent scenes will undoubtedly be enacted on cotton exchanges a good while longer. The trade situation alone encourages frenzied transactions and violent fluctuations.



Finance in St. Louis

There's not much to say regarding business and prices on the local stock exchange. Lately, National Candy common excited much comment by dropping to 51. The total of transfers was three hundred and forty shares. We are told that the slump is anticipative of peace. This explanation is about as good as any other that could be advanced right now. The stock was rated at 59 recently. The semi-annual dividend is \$2.50. Certain-teed common is selling at 40. Two hundred and sixty shares were disposed of in the last few days. Of the first preferred, ten shares were taken at 87.50. Five International Shoe preferred went at 107, thirty-six Cities Service preferred at 80.87½, and thirty Missouri Portland Cement at 75. St. Louis Brewing Association 6s have rallied to about 65. There are no important offerings below 67. Not long since, the bonds could be secured at about 52. In 1900-1903, many sales were made at 100 and over. Owing to sharp improvement in values of prominent bank stocks in New York, local holders and brokers feel hopeful of a similar movement in St. Louis at an early date. It is overdue, I think, and has been for some months.



Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Bk. of Commerce.....	\$118 00	\$118 50
United Rys. 4s.....	50 00	50 25
Cert.-teed com.....	41 00	41 50
Mo. Port. Cement.....	75 25	77 50
Int. Shoe com.....	100 00
xBrown Shoe com.....	68 50
Hyd. P. Brk. com.....	1 50	2 00
do preferred.....	12 00	12 50
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s	63 00	67 00
Ind. Brew. 6s.....	40 12½	43 00
Nat. Candy com.....	54 00	55 25

x Ex-dividend.

Answers to Inquiries.

H. M., Toledo, O.—The common stock of the American International Corporation is not a very desirable speculation, but is likely to go materially higher before a great while. The current price of 55 is not indicative of fantastic overvaluation. As much as 62¾ was paid in 1917. Dividends are safely earned on the preferred stock. Financial connections are good.

J. P. M., Carroll, Ia.—(1) You should take profits in some cases, so as to be able to repurchase in the event of a sharp decline. Sell your Wheeling & Lake Erie 4s and Iowa Central 4s. Might reinvest in case of moderate reactions in Rock Island refunding 4s, or St. Louis & San Francisco series A 4s, or Atlantic C. L.-L. N. 4s. Erie convertible 4s should be sold on any additional rise, say at 58. (2) Let gold mining stocks alone, including those you mention. For information, write to headquarters. Alaska, 25 Broad street, New York; Juneau, 1022 Crocker bldg., San Francisco. (3) The financial services you refer to furnish facts rather than advice. They are not reliable, and do not claim to be, so far as I know. Like all such concerns, they are most adroit in the manipulation of words. (4) Hold your farm lands. They are fine and promising investments. Don't concentrate your funds in one or two directions only. And don't be too bold in your optimism.

CURIOUS, St. Louis.—(1) Crucible Steel common is purely speculative, and not likely to be rated as an investment in the calculable future. You should not buy unless you can run the risks involved. A great advance not probable in this case. (2) You might buy another Midvale Steel certificate at 39.

T. J. R., Hot Springs, Ark.—The Studebaker common dividend can be maintained indefinitely. Indeed, there may be an advance to 5 per cent in the next six months. The ruling price of 65 seems neither high, nor low. The low mark was 33½ some time back. As a rule, it is indiscreet to purchase after an advance of thirty points. But the jugglers are able to work miracles sometimes.

READER, Hastings, Neb.—(1) The Federal Farm Loan 5s are choice investments. You need not hesitate to buy. (2) Union Pacific refunding 4s are fairly valued at 87. Have already advanced sixteen points. They may move up to 90. You should look about for a cheaper bond if you wish to speculate. (3) Add to holdings of Inspiration Copper if price falls to 47.



"Dad, I see in many wars there have been privateers." "Well." "Was a privateer the same as a profiteer?" "By no means. A privateer preyed on the enemy, my son."—*Kansas City Journal*.



Mrs. Crabshaw—I can't imagine why I get so tired every time I go out.

Crabshaw—Perhaps, my dear, it's because of the enormous knitting-bag you lug about with you.—*The Spur*.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

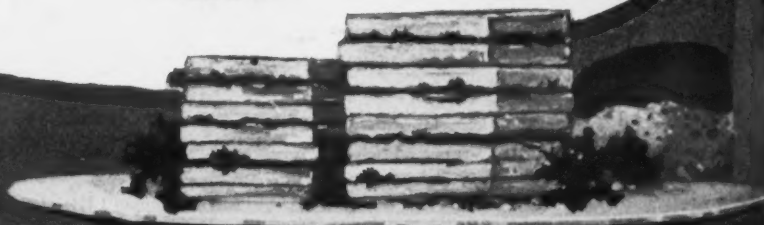
THIS LABEL
IS A
QUALITY PLEDGE



is a delicious drink with snap and rich, creamy foam. It is not sweet, but has "the same old taste" that you will recognize at once. It is the good familiar taste of hops.

CERVA is non-intoxicating; it is absolutely pure, refreshing, and as wholesome as the food you eat.

Remember the Name **CERVA** And Make Sure You Get The Genuine



LEMP ST. LOUIS
MANUFACTURERS

Do Not Be Misled

¶ Do not be misled by unofficial newspaper reports to the effect that our boys will soon be home. It will be absolutely impossible to get them home for a year. It took 18 months to get them over there, three shifts to a bunk, using mostly British ships. We must depend on our own ships and a few German ships now, which may be pressed into service. We will be lucky if we get our boys home in two years. In the meantime they will more than ever need the services of the seven organizations interested in the United War Work Campaign.

¶ Our fight is not won till the last boy is safely home.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



November 18th to 25th

This page contributed by:

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Warren Steel Casting Co.
W. C. Bitting
McElroy-Sloan Shoe Co.

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